

A STUDY OF SHELLEY

With Special Reference to His Nature Poetry.

DISSERTATION

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE pages which follow are an initial contribution to the study of Shelley's Nature poetry. In establishing the existing criticism on the subject, I have refrained from comment except with reference to the question of idealization. An extension of this criticism in any thorough sense would have carried me much beyond the ordinary limits of an investigation of this kind. It was, therefore, possible merely to indicate the direction which the study will take (page 20), and to state my intention of publishing the results at some future date. I need make no apology for the importance which I have attached to Shelley's similes as throwing light upon his poetic methods of treating Nature; and in this connection I take the welcome opportunity of thanking Professor Bright for many valuable suggestions and much kindly aid.

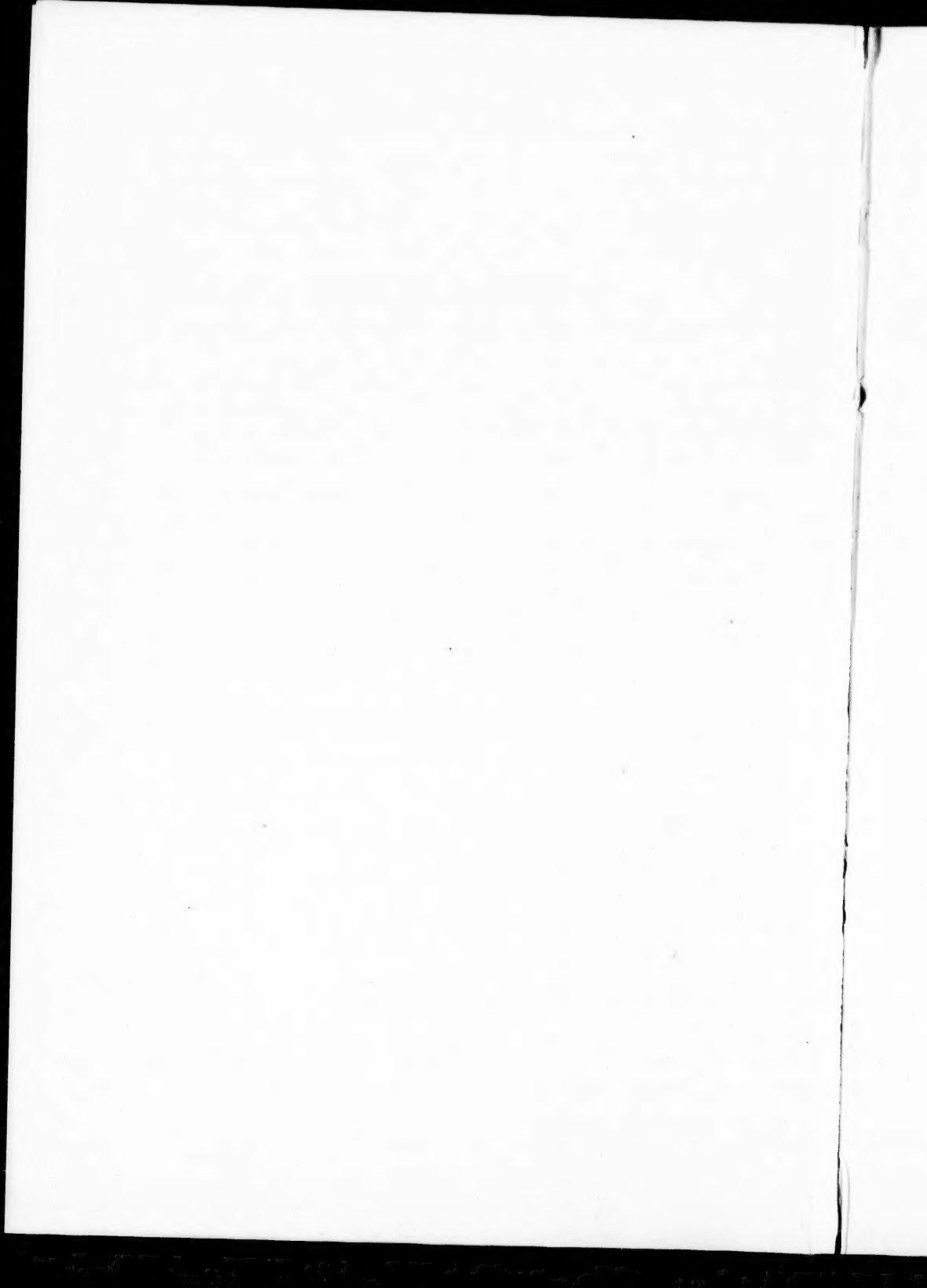


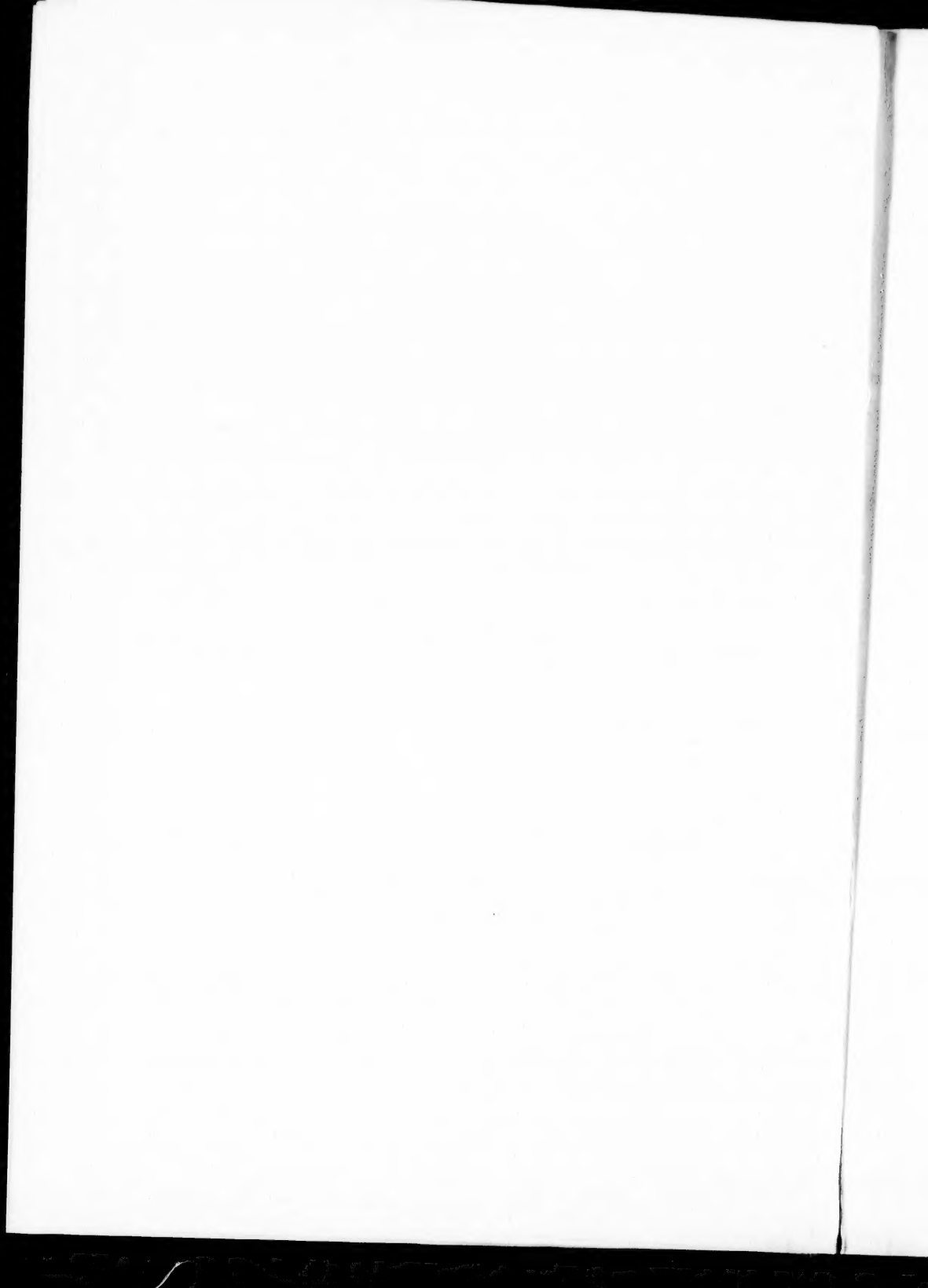
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I.

EXTANT CRITICISM ON SHELLEY'S NATURE POETRY.

Growth of his Love for Nature.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN, in his "Life of Shelley," refers to Shelley's early indifference for natural beauty.

In the midst of the mountains of Cwm Elan, in 1811, Shelley writes to his friend Hogg, "'This is most divine scenery, but all very dull, stale, flat, and unprofitable; indeed, the place is a very great bore.' The poet in Shelley at this time was trammelled and taken in the toils by the psychologist and metaphysician." ("Life of Shelley," I. 165.)

"In the summer of 1811 his delight in mountain and vale and stream was tracked and hunted down and done to death by his passion for psychological analysis. 'This country of Wales' (writing to Miss Hitchener) 'is exceedingly grand; rocks piled on each other to tremendous heights, rivers formed into cataracts by their projections, and valleys clothed with woods, present an appearance of enchantment. But why do they enchant? Why is it more affecting than a plain? It cannot be innate; is it acquired? Thus does knowledge lose all the pleasure which involuntarily arises by attempting to arrest the fleeting phantom as it passes. Vain attempt; like the chemist's ether, it evaporates under our observation; it flies from all but the slaves of passion and sickly sensibility who will not analyze a feeling.' And again, 'Nature is here marked with the most impressive characters of loveliness and grandeur. Once I was tremulously alive to tones and scenes; the habit of analyzing feelings, I fear, does not agree with this. It is spontaneous, and when it becomes subject to consideration, ceases to exist.'" ("Life of Shelley," I. 167.)

"'I am more astonished at the grandeur of the scenery' (letter to Hogg) 'than I expected. I do not *now* much regard it. I have other things to think of.'" ("Life of Shelley," I. 168.)

Contrast with these letters those which he wrote from Keswick

after his marriage. (Letters of Nov. and Dec., 1811.) Here at last we begin to see the genuine Shelley.

Again, in 1812 we have evidence of the opposite excess of meaningless and delirious rapture, as in the letter to Miss Hitchener when her morality had been put in question.

"You are to my fancy as a thunder-riven pinnacle of rock, firm amid the rushing tempest and the boiling surge. Ay, stand forever firm, and when our ship anchors close to thee, the crew will cover thee with flowers."

Tendency to Excessive Idealization.

This forms the substance of LESLIE STEPHEN'S contribution to the *Cornhill Magazine*, XXXIX. Compare *Quarterly Review*, LXIV., and SHARP in *Fraser's Magazine*, N. S. 20. To exemplify their extreme position I quote from Mr. Leslie Stephen. "The materials with which he works are impalpable abstractions, where other poets use concrete images. . . . When he speaks of natural scenery the solid earth seems to be dissolved, and we are in presence of nothing but the shifting phantasmagoria of cloudland, the glow of moonlight on eternal snow, or the 'golden lightning of the setting sun.'"

While admitting that the general temper of Shelley's poetry is distinctly ideal, it is necessary to make a protest against that partial view which removes his work entirely from the sphere of human interest, and regards it merely as the meteoric display of an over-charged imagination which has never fed upon the concrete realities of life.

WHIPPLE (*Essays and Reviews*) makes the following plea on Shelley's behalf against the charges of unreality and lack of human sympathy: "The predominance of his spiritual over his animal nature; the velocity with which his mind, loosed from the 'grasp of gravitation,' darted upwards into regions whither slower-paced imaginations could not follow; the amazing fertility with which he poured out crowds of magnificent images, and the profuse flood of dazzling radiance, blinding the eye with excess of light, which they shed over his compositions, his love of idealizing the world of sense, until it became instinct with thought, and infusing into things dull and lifeless to the sight and touch the qualities of individual existence; the marvellous keenness of insight with which he pierced beneath even the refinements of thought, and evolved new materials of wonder and delight from a seemingly exhausted subject—all these, to a superficial observer, carry with them the appearance of unreality."

It is important to adjust ourselves aright towards this question of idealism in Shelley's poetry. We must frankly admit at the outset that the tendency towards idealism exists in a very marked manner in the poems. We find, therefore, that criticism ranges itself into two opposing camps. On the one hand, positive common-sense

opinion, as represented by Leslie Stephen, will find that Shelley nourished his imagination with substance too rare and immaterial to form the food which a healthy and robust mind should crave as its natural diet. On the other hand, more enthusiastic critics like Whipple or Roden Noel (see p. 12) assert that his idealism constitutes the chief and enduring charm of his poetry. It is well here to hold a middle position. We may congratulate ourselves as lovers of English literature that our poetry with Shelley's advent received an imaginative impulse into ethereal regions where wing of poet never beat before. But is he, therefore, the "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," of Matthew Arnold's perverse creating? Shelley's burning zeal for humanity would of itself forbid the acceptance of that view in its sweeping entirety. In the poet's youth we must admit that his conception of humanity is visionary and false, and that his shadowy portraits are evasively delusive and vague in outline. But with growing years the concrete elements of his poetry gathered strength, and qualities of firmness and precision began to show themselves in such abundance as to afford the assurance in his future work of a more harmonious and equable relation between the ideal and the real world. In October, 1821, Shelley wrote to Mr. Gisborne, referring to the most idealistic of his poems: "'The Epipsychidion' is a mystery; as to real flesh and blood, you know that I do not deal in those articles; you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton, as expect anything human or earthly from me." But let us first eliminate the sportive fun from this statement, and remember that within the less than two years that remained to him of life, he had produced those admirably human poems, "To Jane," and conceived and in part written a play upon the thoroughly human subject of "Charles I." In conclusion, we must bear in mind that in a large measure the impression of excessive idealism arises from the subtle character of the poetic imagery which Shelley employs to light up hidden affinities between human emotion and processes of beauty in the natural world. In this regard Shelley does not sin alone, and might shelter himself, did he require refuge from criticism, behind the accepted names of Lamartine or Victor Hugo, whose splendid imagery is conceived in a similar spirit, and employed for a similar end.

Love of Indefiniteness and Change (cf. infra SWEET).

REV. STOPFORD BROOKE. *Macmillan*, XLII.

To the love of indefiniteness and the love of change, qualities embedded in Shelley's temperament, STOPFORD BROOKE attributes the leading characteristics of his Nature poetry. "His love of that which is indefinite and changeful made him enjoy and describe better than any other English poet that scenery of the clouds and sky which is indefinite owing to infinite change of appearance. The incessant

forming and unforming of the vapours which he describes in the last verse of 'The Cloud,' is that which he most cared to paint. Wordsworth often draws, and with great force, the aspect of the sky, and twice, with great elaboration, in 'The Excursion'; but it is only a momentary aspect, and it is mixed up with illustrations taken from the works of men, with the landscape of the earth below where men are moving, with his own feelings about the scene, and with moral or

**Power to
isolate
Nature.**

imaginative lessons. Shelley, when he is at work on the sky, troubles it with none of these human matters,* and he describes not only the momentary aspect, but also the change and progress of the sunset or the storm. And he does this with the greatest care, and with a characteristic attention to those delicate tones and half-tones of colour which resemble the subtle imaginations and feelings he liked to discover in human nature, and to which he gave form in poetry."

**Subtle
Observa-
tion.**

There follow references in detail to the more celebrated cloud studies at dawn or sunset or during storm to be found in the poems. Of the dawn in the opening of "Prometheus, II.," he says: "The changes of colour, as the light increases in the spaces of pure sky and in the clouds, are watched and described with precise truth; the slow progress of the dawn, during a long time, is noted down line by line, and all the movement of the mists and of the clouds 'shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.' Nor is that minuteness of observation wanting which is the proof of careful love. Shelley's imaginative study of beauty is revealed in the way the growth of the dawn is set before us by the waxing and waning of the light of the star, as the vapours rise and melt before the morn. The storms are even better than the sunsets and dawns. . . . Criticism has no voice when it thinks that no other poet has ever attempted to render, with the same absolute loss of himself, the successive changes, minute by minute, of such an hour of tempest and of sunrise. We are alone with Nature; I might even say, we see Nature alone with herself." Then follows an enthusiastic analysis of the "Ode to the West Wind."

Also, to his love of the indefinite and changeful, Stopford Brooke attributes Shelley's power of describing vast landscapes (*e.g.*, "Euganean Hills," 90ff; "Alastor," 550ff), and his delight in the intricacy of forest scenery ("Recollection," 9ff, "Alastor," 420ff, "Rosalind," 95ff, "Prometheus," II. ii. and IV. 194ff).

Power to Isolate Nature (cf. infra SWEET).

Stopford Brooke proceeds to discuss Shelley's treatment of Nature in as far as it was affected by his lack of a definite idea concerning the source of Nature. "Again, just because Shelley had no wish to

* *Vide* Sweet. "Shelley Society Papers," I. Pt. II.

conceive of Nature as involved in one definite thought, he had the power of conceiving the life of separate things in Nature with astonishing individuality. When he wrote of the Cloud, or of Arethusa, or of the Moon, or of the Earth, as distinct existences, he was not led away from their solitary personality by any universal existence in which they were merged, or by the necessity of adding to these any tinge of humanity, any elements of thought or love, such as the Pantheist is almost sure to add. His imagination was free to realize pure Nature, and the power by which he does this, as well as the work done, are quite unique in modern poetry. Theology, with its one Creator of the universe; Pantheism, with its 'one spirit's plastic stress'; Science, with its one Energy, forbid the modern poet, whose mind is settled into any one of these three views, to see anything in Nature as having a separate life of its own. He cannot, as a Greek could do, divide the life of the air from that of the earth, of the cloud from that of the stream. But Shelley, able to loosen himself from all these modern conceptions which unite the various universe, could and did, when he pleased, divide and subdivide the life of Nature in the same way as a Greek. And this is the cause why, even in the midst of wholly modern imagery and a modern manner, one is conscious of a Greek note in many passages of his poetry of Nature. The following little poem on the Dawn might be conceived by a primitive Aryan. It is a Nature myth.

**Primitive
Quality.**

" ' The pale stars are gone !
For the sun, their swift shepherd,
To their folds them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond his blue dwelling
* As fawns flee the leopard.'

" But Shelley's conceptions of the life of these natural things are less human than even the Homeric Greek or early Indian poet would have made them. They describe the work of nature in terms of human act. Shelley's spirits of the earth and moon are utterly apart from our world of thought and from our life. Of this class of poems, 'The Cloud' is the most perfect example. It describes the life of the Cloud as it might have been a million years before man came on earth. The 'sanguine sunrise' and the 'orbèd maiden,' the moon, who are the playmates of the cloud, are pure elemental beings. . . . In Wordsworth's poems we touch the human heart of flowers and birds. In Shelley's, we touch 'Shapes that haunt Thought's wildernesses.' Yet it is quite possible, though we cannot feel affection for Shelley's Cloud or Bird, that they are both

* Compare also Sweet's consideration of Shelley in his myth making capacity ("Shelley Society Papers," I. Pt. II., *vide infra*), and see *Quarterly Review*, CLXIV.

truer to the actual fact of things than Wordsworth made his birds and clouds.* Strip off the imaginative clothing from 'The Cloud,' and science will support every word of it. Let the sky-lark sing, let the flowers grow, for their own joy alone. In truth, what sympathy have they, what sympathy has nature with man?

The Pathetic Fallacy.

"The other side of Shelley's relation to nature is a remarkable contrast to this statement. When he was absorbed in his own being, and writing poems which concerned himself alone, he makes nature the mere image of his own feelings, the creature of his mood."

In this connection reference must be made to the *Quarterly Review*, CLXIV., and to the *British Quarterly*, LXXXII. (Hon. Roden Noel).

Quarterly Review, CLXIV.:

His own moods . . . formed no permanent essential part of himself; he could, without effort, transfer them to Nature. . . . The identity of feeling, which he thus establishes between himself and Nature, is as fascinating as it is peculiar. Yet it is certainly a sign of weakness. In "Alastor," for instance, he reads into his surroundings his own pensive and melancholy life. Autumn sighs in the sere woods, the grass shivers at the touch of the poet's foot; his own hair sings dirges in the wind. No man whose personality is strongly marked, can thus transfer himself to the natural world. In Shelley, the sense of personality was dimmed by the absence of will. He never learned to distinguish between his own feelings and those of others; but in his later poetry he shakes off the excessive morbidity of "Alastor," . . . and no longer reads his own misery into the aerial merriment of the wind, the wave and the bird. The contrast offers a significant proof of the steady development of the stronger sides of his character.

British Quarterly, LXXXII. (Hon. Roden Noel):

Proceeding from the assertion that, in order to arrive at a satisfactory idea of nature, science and poetry are alike necessary, the essayist continues to oppose Ruskin's effort "to distinguish the representation of Nature as she is, which he ascribes to Homer and to Scott among ourselves, and the representation of her as she only appears to our distorting emotions. That seems to me a misleading distinction, because what Nature in herself, apart from our minds is, we do not accurately know; we can see her only as she appears to us by virtue of the constitution of our faculties, senses, understanding, emotion, and imagination. Therefore, I cannot admit that there is a true nature, which the man of science and the land-surveyor see, but a false nature, which the person of delicate suscepti-

* *Vide infra* (p. 12) Roden Noel on the distinction between scientific and poetic truth.

bilities and the poet suppose themselves to see. . . . There is no more reason why those higher faculties should be excluded from their share and function in the revelation of truth than there is why the senses and the understanding should be excluded. . . . Hence, I cannot enter into Mr. Ruskin's preference of Scott over Shelley as a poet, which is founded on this distinction between them.* . . . What would Shelley's 'Alastor' be without the magnificent scenery of mountain and stream amid which he moves onward to the close? They are one. They have joined hands and interpret one another. The result of the poet's meditation is neither man alone, nor nature alone, but some fair spiritual child of their espousals. This, I maintain, is somewhat distinctively new and precious added to our intellectual and emotional treasure."

SWEET. "Shelley Society Papers," I. Pt. II.

This is the most elaborate study of Shelley's nature poetry that has hitherto appeared.

Shelley's Place in the Development of Nature Poetry.

The author briefly surveys the wide field of world literatures where the nature idea finds its inception and development. The

The Vedas. Vedic nature poetry is important in connection with Shelley's mythology; "nor in a consideration of Shelley's attitude towards nature must we disregard the Teutonic and the

Teutonic and Celtic Elements. Celtic elements in his poetry. To the former we relate his feeling for mystery, and to the latter we refer the extraordinary keenness of his colour faculty. Shelley's description of the imagined ruins of Venice in the 'Euganean Hills,' with the sea-mew flying above, and the palace-gate 'toppling o'er the abandoned sea,' recalls . . . that aspect of Old English lyric poetry represented by 'The Wanderer,' and the impressive fragment known as 'The Ruin.' . . . Shelley heightens the effect, almost as in 'Beowulf,' by

" 'The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,'

hastening to pass the gloomy shore

" 'Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path!'

"The 'natural magic' of such a description as this is, or, at least, might be, wholly English, wholly Teutonic—strange as such an assertion may seem to a critic like Mr. Arnold, whose ideas of the

* See Ruskin's "Modern Painters," Pt. IV., Vol. III.

Teutonic spirit are gained from a one-sided contemplation of modern German literature at a period when it was still struggling for the mastery of the rudiments of style and technique, lost in the barbarism of the 'Thirty Years' War.

"Shelley's poem 'The Question,' is . . . as purely Celtic both in its colour-pictures, . . . and its ethereal unreality and delicate, fanciful sentiment. It need hardly be said that this 'Celtic note' in Shelley no more proves Celtic race-influence than the 'Greek note' in Keats proves that Keats was of Greek descent. Shelley looks at nature with the same eyes as an old Celtic poet, because both were inspired by the same sky and earth, both loved the same flowers, fields and forests."

After tracing English nature poetry to the first truly modern conception in Milton, the writer swiftly passes the intervening period and proceeds to a discussion of Shelley's work in closer detail.

Shelley and Wordsworth.

"Shelley's real sympathies are with inanimate nature. Here he is at home. Here he is unique and supreme. He is indeed 'the poet of nature' in a truer sense than Wordsworth is. Wordsworth is really the poet of the homely, the common-place in nature as in man. Whatever in nature harmonizes with his own narrow sympathies he assimilates and reproduces with a power all his own. . . . Shelley, on the other hand, seeks to penetrate into the very heart of nature in all her manifestations, without regard to their association with human feeling. While in his treatment of man he is all subjectivity, in his

Objectivity. treatment of nature he is often purely objective. In such a poem as 'The Cloud' there is not only no trace of Wordsworthian egotism, but the whole description . . . is as remote from human feeling as it could well be, consistent with the poetic necessity for personification."*

Cosmic and Elemental Sympathies.†

"The range of Shelley's sympathies is bounded only by the universe itself. He combines forests, mountains, rivers and seas into vast ideal landscapes; he dives into the depths of the earth, soars among clouds and storms, and communes 'with the sphere of sun and moon.'"

Vastness of Landscape.

Love of Indefiniteness and Change.‡

"Shelley's love of the changing and fleeting aspects of nature—the interest with which he watched the formation of mist and cloud,

* Cf. *supra*, Stopford Brooke.

† See also Brandes' "Hauptströmungen," IV., pp. 248f, and Chevrillon in *Revue de Paris*, June 1st, 1898.

‡ Cf. *supra*, Stopford Brooke

and the shifting hues of dawn and sunset—is, like his sense of structure, a natural result of the half-scientific spirit with which he regarded nature, for it is in the changing phenomena of nature that real life lies. According to Mr. Brooke, Shelley's love for the changeful in nature is the result of the inherent changefulness of his temperament. But of this I can see but little in his life. He was impulsive enough—for without impulsiveness he would hardly have been a poet—but not fickle or undecided in his feelings and principles.

Shelley's Mythology and Mythopæic Faculty.

(*Cf. supra*, STOPFORD BROOKE.)

"Shelley's love of natural phenomena sometimes shows itself in naive expressions of delight, and simple comparisons which remind us of the nature-poetry of the Veda" (*e.g.*, "Witch of Atlas," XXVII.)

After referring to the employment of a conventional mythology by other poets, the essayist notes it as a characteristic of Shelley that he is without a trace of that conventionalism. "He never brings in the figures of classical mythology incidentally, but only when they are the subject of his poetry, and his handling of them in such cases is always fresh and original, as in his 'Hymn to Apollo'—the most perfect reproduction of the spirit of Greek mythology that we have in modern literature. His conception of Jupiter in his 'Prometheus' is quite new and original—he makes him the personification of all that hinders the free development of the human mind, which latter is personified by Prometheus.

"We see, then, that even where Shelley is trammelled by traditional mythology, he reveals something of that myth-making faculty in which he stands alone among modern poets—the only one who at all approaches him in this respect being his contemporary, the Swedish poet, Stagnelius. When Shelley is free to follow his own fancy, he instinctively creates nature-myths of a strangely primitive type, unlike anything in Greek or the other fully-developed mythologies, but showing marked similarity to the personifications of Vedas. . . . It is not only Shelley critics who have been struck by this characteristic. Mr. Taylor, in his 'Anthropology' (page 290), after remarking that the modern poet 'still uses for picturesqueness the metaphors which to the barbarian were real helps to express his sense,' goes on to quote as an instance the opening lines of 'Queen Mab,' . . . and analyzes them as follows: 'Here the likeness of death and sleep is expressed by the metaphor of calling them brothers; the moon is brought in to illustrate the notion of paleness, the dawn of redness; while to convey the idea of dawn shining on the sea, the simile of its sitting on a throne is introduced, and its reddening is compared on the one hand to a rose, and on the other to blushing. Now, this is the very way in which early barbaric man, not for poetic affectation, but simply to find the plainest

words to convey his thoughts, would talk in metaphors taken from nature."

"One of the best examples of Shelley's myth-making faculty is the little poem, 'The World's Wanderers' (IV. 51), . . . as remote as anything can well be from modern thought and sentiment. Its imagery and its strange unhuman pathos are alike primitive and elemental. The same sympathy with the heavenly bodies in their wanderings through space has been expressed by some of the older Greek lyric poets, but the conception of the star's rays as wings can hardly be paralleled outside of the 'Veda.'"

Cloud Mythology—See "Laon," II. v., and IX. xxxv.; "Cloud," 73; Prom. II. i. 145.

Cloud Comparisons—See "Summer and Winter"; "Hlleas," 957; "Witch," XLVIII., LII., LV.; Liberty, 5.

SHELLEY'S COLOUR SENSE.

(*Vide infra, Atlantic Monthly, LXX.*)

Quotations and references are made under a variety of rubrics.

Flashing and intermittent light.

"Prom." II. iii. 30 and IV. 182; "Epips." 546; "Dejection," II.; "Orpheus," 59.

Alternations of light and shade.

"Laon," II. xlix. and XII. xxxvi.; "Athanase," II. xiii. and II. 1.; "Rosal." 102; "Prom." I. 27 and I. 678; "Sens. Plant," II. 25; "Alast." 310.

Atmospheric effects.

"Prom." I. 82, II. i. 10 and II. iii. 74; "Laon," III. iii.; "Rosal," 729; "Dejection," I.; "Witch," XXXVII.

Light seen through water.

"Witch," XXVIII.

Light seen through foliage.

"Laon," II. i., VII. xi., VIII. xxx. and XII. xviii.; "Prom." II. ii. 75; "Sens. Plant," I. 23 and I. 43; "Epips." 502.

Transmitted light.

"Letter to Maria Gisborne," 123.

Refracted light.

"Alast." 334; "Laon," VII. 20.

Reflected light or colour.

"Alast." 352; "Laon," I. xx., III. xii. and XII. xviii.; "Prom." I. 467, I. 743 and II. iii. 28; "Witch," XXV.; "Recollection," V.

Objects reflected in water.

"Alast." 200, 213, 406, 457, 494; "Laon," III. xi. and VI. xxxiii.; "Prom." III. iv. 78 and IV. 193; "Sens. Plant," I. 18; "West Wind," III. 33-35; "Invitation," 50; "Recollection," 53. Also compare "Prom." II. i. 17. with Wordsworth, "Peele Castle," and cf. Shelley, "Evening," III.; "Liberty," VI.; "Witch," LIX.

Colour Contrast.

"Alast." 137, 584; "Rosal." 782; "Prom." III. iii. 139; "Laon," I. xi.; "Witch," X.; "Marengi," XIII.

Shelley and Coleridge.

"Coleridge's affinity to Shelley is shown especially in his descriptions of transmitted light and colour, . . . and in his elaborate pictures of reflection in water. . . . But Coleridge does not appear to have, any more than Wordsworth or Milton, any examples of reflected light or colour as distinguished from the reflection of definite objects: Shelley's picture of the 'lake-reflected sun' illuminating the 'yellow bees in the ivy bloom' seems to be entirely his own. . . . The similarity between the two poets (Coleridge and S.) in their treatment of light does not seem to be the result of imitation on the part of the younger poet: the agreement is in spirit, not in detail. The love of light was instinctive in both, and was fostered by their surroundings. Coleridge learnt to observe and love the effects of transmitted and reflected light in the shady lanes, and by the rivulets and pools of his native Devon, while Shelley learnt the same lessons in the woods of Marlowe and in his boat on the Thames."

Colour Sense—(Continued).

An admirable study of Shelley's artistic use of colour is contained in *Atlantic Monthly*, LXX. (V. D. Scudder). The analysis follows.

Colour in Keats and Shelley.

It is only in the nineteenth century that the poets have become great colourists; and no one but Keats can in this respect rival the greatness of Shelley. If Keats has more force of colour, Shelley has more purity. Keats' colouring is opaque, though brilliant, like that of a butterfly's wing; Shelley's is translucent, like an opal. Ruskin tells us that nature always paints her loveliest hues on aqueous or crystalline matter; and the very law of nature seems to be the instinct of Shelley.

Colour in "Prometheus Unbound."

"But the colour in 'Prometheus Unbound' has a higher function than to vivify the detail of the poem, or to give us a series of exquisite vignettes. The drama, by the use of light and colour, is shaped to an organic whole. It shows the harmonious evolution

of a central theme; and this evolution is symbolically presented through the progress of the new cosmic day." The writer develops this thesis skilfully and at some length in the remainder of the essay. Referring in more general terms to Shelley's nature poetry—"It is in the treatment of nature that the distinctive powers of Shelley's poetry are most clearly seen. The 'Prometheus' is in one sense a nature-drama. The Soul of Nature is herself one of the personages. We are transported from the wildest mountain scenery to the luxuriance of tropical valleys. Sky-cleaving peaks, glaciers, precipices, vast rivers, lakes, forests, meet us on every page. We have a sense that the drama is for the most part enacted on the heights, where the air is pure from earthly taint, and heaven and earth seem to blend. The sky scenery, above all, with its pomp and gloom of storm, its sunrise and sunset, its 'flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather,' is as great as can be found in English poetry; yet the bold outline work, the strong and broad treatment of the vaster aspects of nature, reveal the poet less than the renderings of delicate detail, of fleeting sights and sounds lost on a grosser perception.

**Vastness
and
Delicacy.**

See "Prom." I. 44-47; II. i. 83-86; II. v. 11-14; III. ii. 4-9; III. ii. 25-28; IV. 180-184; IV. 431-436.

The sensitiveness and passion for change which we have seen to be the notes of Shelley's temperament, are evident in every one of these passages. (*Cf. supra*, Stopford Brooke.) "It is doubtful whether any poet before our century, whatever his equipment, could so closely and finely have rendered the minutiae of nature."

The latest systematic presentation in English criticism of Shelley's nature poetry is contained in FRANCIS PALGRAVE'S 'Landscape in Poetry,' Macmillan & Co., 1897. The treatment is sketchy and unsatisfactory, and, if anything, hostile in tone. He objects that Shelley's landscape "is inevitably limited and dyed by the colours of his mind; . . . that no true poet of any age has left us so gigantic a mass of wasted effort, exuberance so Asiatic, such oceans (to speak out) of fluent, well-intended platitude." His shorter and chiefly his later lyrics show him to the best advantage. "Yet even here at times the matter is attenuated as the film of the soap-bubble, gaining through its very thinness its marvellous iridescent beauty. 'Shelley seems to go up and burst,' was Tennyson's remark on a passage of this character.

**Vivifying
Power.**

"In his best moods, where he has focussed his eye on his subject, it has that strange power of vitalizing abstractions and things of nature on which Macaulay has commented in his brilliant manner.

**Lack of
Human
Feeling.**

"We must not look in his landscape for human feeling interfused as in Coleridge's, for the chord of true passion, or of the humanly pathetic, Shelley could scarcely strike; nor again for Nature moralized and spiritualized, as by

Wordsworth ; Shelley's landscape is essentially descriptive, but raised to a life of its own by an imaginative power of perhaps unsurpassed pure vividness, and that personifying habit which we have just noticed."

Literal truth and fidelity of description is accorded to the landscape in the "Euganean Hills," and to a few passages from his later lyrics.

II.

I have now given the substance of the most important studies on the subject of Shelley's nature poetry, and in the course of this presentation have found it necessary to combat only the extreme views which obtain with reference to the poet's idealistic tendencies. To obtain a satisfactorily complete idea of Shelley's nature poetry, the existing criticism has to be extended and supplemented in many directions. With this end in view, I have endeavoured

1. To bring to bear upon the problem an entirely new method of examination (namely, the study of the Similes).
2. To supplement investigations such as Sweet's, whose only fault lies in their incompleteness.

1. A STUDY OF SHELLEY'S SIMILES.

I here advance a large amount of material, arranged in such a manner as to throw abundant light upon Shelley's treatment of beauty in the external world, to illustrate his preferences and the individual peculiarities of his genius, and to exhibit his marvellous skill in adapting the world of nature to the elucidation of subtle intellectual states.

The wealth of Shelley's figurative language, and the extraordinary range of his similes have stirred the wonder of critics, and led them to affirm in his poetry a brilliancy that blinds and dazzles with excess. I wish, on the contrary, to affirm their artistic perfection, as constantly subordinated to some defined and conscious æsthetic impulse.

Shelley's own opinion of the nature of his powers will serve as a valuable initial commentary upon this portion of my work. "And in this I have long believed that my power consists in sympathy, and that part of the imagination which relates to sympathy and contemplation. I am formed, if for anything not in common

with the herd of mankind, to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature or the living beings which surround us, and to communicate the conceptions which result from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole."—*Letter to Godwin*, December 11th, 1817.

It is clear, then, that we have in a systematic presentation of the similes an important factor which has never entered into the consideration of Shelley's Nature poetry; and in the light of his figurative language we may read the subtler operations of his mind, and see the paths upon which it was prone to run, in as far as human limitations grant us such an insight.

2. EXTENSION OF EXISTING CRITICISM.*

The following investigations are extended :

(a) *Love of Indefiniteness and the Love of Change.*

In these characteristics of Shelley's genius, Stopford Brooke assumes to discover the key to his philosophy of Nature. The analysis is skilfully conducted, and it is impossible to dispute the fact that Shelley's changeful temperament is mirrored faithfully in his poetry. But while not actually challenging these results, it is possible to show that they are misapplied. It seemed necessary, therefore, to investigate afresh Shelley's philosophy of Nature, to connect it with his theory of Beauty, and to point at least to some permanent and abiding ideas which give character and solidity to Shelley's work in this direction.

(b) *Shelley's Place in the Development of Nature Poetry.*

Sweet has made a general approach to this subject. In connection with Shelley's philosophy of Nature, more special reference than in Dr. Sweet's essay must be made to Shelley in his relation to Wordsworth, and in a lesser degree to Coleridge, Scott, Byron, and Keats.

(c) *Colour in Shelley's Poetry.*

This has already received treatment in Section I. It only remains, after the analysis of the colour similes given below, to supplement the categories which Sweet has established.

* NOTE.—This second section of the study, comprising II. 2 (a), (b), and (c), will be shortly published.

1. ANALYSIS OF THE SIMILES.

The total number of similes in Shelley's poetry is 1989. The above collection contains 1720, all of which have a bearing upon appearances of the external world, whether developed for the sake of their own beauty or subordinated to the illumination of subtle mental operations. This fact is in itself significant.

I now pass to a consideration of the various classes of simile in some detail. The basis of arrangement is not a merely artificial classification, but is founded upon the most prominent characteristic in every case; though all are broadly included within the generic title of Nature Similes.

(1) SIMILES OF COLOUR.*

The similes in which colour is the most prominent feature number 425, whereas colour as a more subdued element may be observed in many more. Comparing this result proportionately with the similes arising from other senses than that of sight, we find that Similes of Sound amount to 210, while Similes of Odour naturally sink to 12. Examining the Similes of Colour more closely they fall into various natural subdivisions.

(a) CLOUD COLOUR.

It satisfies our preconceived idea of Shelley's poetry to discover that 59 similes involve more or less careful and beautiful cloud descriptions (always bearing in mind that many admirable cloud similes occur in other categories). By reference to 2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 13,

**Descriptions
of men and
women.**

52, 59, we gain an insight into Shelley's habitual method of describing human (or spiritual) forms. Here his tendency to idealization mars the concrete presentation of form and feature. His women are filmy shapes of diaphanous vapour, and even his men are effeminate creations entirely wanting in masculine vigour, and impelled alone by the fierce unrest of the spiritual flame within. To confirm this statement further reference should be made to the following passages in the poems.

Descriptions of Women.

See "Alastor," 175f; "Laon," II. xxiii, II. xxix., V. xxiii, V. xlv.

Descriptions of Men (or male spirits).

"Laon," I. xlii., I. lvii., IV. xxix.; "Rosalind," 909ff, 1009f; "Prince Ath." *passim*.

Shelley's descriptions of men are certainly vitiated by this excessive idealism. Contrast, for example, the brawn and muscle of Goethe's "Prometheus," or of Tennyson's "Geraint"—

* The analysis which follows is in part an extension of Sweet's categories (see pp. 16, 17).

"Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,
 And bared the knotted column of his throat,
 The massive square of his heroic breast,
 And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,
 As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
 Running too vehemently to break upon it,
 And Enid woke and sat beside the couch,
 Admiring him, and thought within herself,
 Was ever man so grandly made as he?"—

or Kipling's unconscious heroes with honest sweat of toil on their begrimed faces. The modern world has done with men, however eloquent their eyes and gestures, who weep and faint with weariness. They are a survival of seventeenth century French sentimentality, utterly alien to the English temperament, and as happily buried in the past as the Satanism of Byron's breed of destiny-branded heroes.

Idealism, which was the weakness of Shelley's masculine figures, is an element that intensifies the beauty of his women. They are not wholly abstractions of cloud and vapour. The general impression which their description conveys may be bewildering, but only because the images which denote it are merged in the Ideal of Beauty,

"Till they are lost, and in that Beauty furled
 Which penetrates and clasps and fills the world,
 Scarce visible from extreme loveliness."

Clouds in repose or slow-moving (or vapours).

1, 3, 16, 17, 23, 30; cf. also in other categories 225, 1290, 1296, 1363, 1695.

Clouds in swift motion (or vapours).

9, 13, 18, 31, 36, 37, 39, 47, 53; cf. also 1364, 1373, 1477, 1485, 1487, 1491, 1497, 1534, 1567, 1578, 1706.

A pregnant contrast between Shelley and Wordsworth is afforded by their respective descriptions of clouds, Shelley preferring habitually to revel in their swiftness, and Wordsworth to rejoice in their deep repose. The strenuous palpitating swiftness of Shelley is certainly never attained by the elder poet, though he has his moments of keen participation in the ardours of rapid motion, as witness his noble poem, "To the Clouds."

The love of speed was rooted in Shelley's temperament (as the similes of swiftness attest), and the clouds he paints are suffused also with an intensity and purity of colour which no English poet has ever approached.

Intensity of Colour in Cloud Similes.

5, 18, 19, 26, 36, 43, 50.

Colour Contrast, 5, 12, 13, 21.

Transmitted Light, 33, 34, 38, 40, 45, 46, 51, 55.

(b) WATER COLOUR—36 similes.

Transmitted Light, 65, 71; *Reflected*, 71, 95; *Intensity*, 61, 90; *Contrast*, 61, 63, 74, 91.

(c) THE SUN—31 similes.

Transmitted, 124; *Intensity*, 100, 118, 120, 121; *Contrast*, 113.

(d) THE MOON—22 similes.

Transmitted, 135, 136, 141, 148; *Reflected*, 129, 142; *Intensity*, 133, 139, 145; *Contrast*, 128.

(e) THE STARS—37 similes, and see under (j).

Transmitted, 159, 167, 168; *Reflected*, 149, 154; *Intensity*, 158 (in context), 161, 162, 176; *Contrast*, 168; *Motion*, 173.

178 deserves attention, where the light of a star is compared to the scent of a jonquil. One sense interpreted by another.

(f) LIGHTNING—11 similes.

Transmitted, 187; *Reflected*, 192; *Contrast*, 187, 194.

(g) METEORS, COMETS,—14 similes.

(h) THE SKY—19 similes.

Reflected, 227; *Intensity*, 215.

(i) FIRE—23 similes.

Intensity, 237, 239, 244, 247, 248.

(j) EYES—30 similes.

Basis of comparison :

Fire, 253; *Stars*, 254, 255, 258, 263, 264 (N.B.), 276, 277, 282; *Meteors*, 256; *Moon* (-light), 257, 275; *Sunset*, 267; *Dawn*, 262; *Night*, 271, 278; *Lightning*, 259; *Sky*, 265, 273; *Dove*, 266; *Sleep*, 260; *Death*, 261.
Intensity, 267 (N.B.); *Contrast*, 263, 267.

(k) DARKNESS, SHADOW—32 similes.

Note especially for their boldness, 295 and 297.

(l) WHITE LIGHT—18 similes.

Basis of comparison :

Snow, 315, 316, 317, 318, 321, 324, 329, 331.
Silver, 319; *Frost*, 322.
Gruesome in character, 323, 327.

(m) GENERAL COLOUR SIMILES—93 similes.

Transmitted or *Suffused* colours, 352, 359, 361, 391, 393, 395, 407, 412, 417. In other categories, 548.

Reflected, 334, 362; *Intensity*, 413 (N.B.)

Contrast, 335, 338, 347, 365, 377, 412, 413 (N.B.)

Light expressed in terms of music, 357 (*cf. supra*, 178).

(2) SIMILES OF SOUND—210 similes.

Many points of interest arise in this category to admirably illustrate the range of Shelley's sympathies. As Sweet in his suggestive study observes: "The range of Shelley's sympathies is bounded only by the universe itself. He combines forests, mountains, rivers, and seas into vast ideal landscapes; he dives into the depths of the earth, soars among clouds and storms, and communes with the sphere of sun and moon." So here we find a Byronic exultation in the stormy symphonies which are the voice of nature's unrest, and a subtle penetrating sympathy, to which Byron's coarser-fibred spirit was not attuned, for the delicate eddies of sound that steal upon the sense in an hour of calm.

Thunder affords the basis of comparison in three unremarkable similes, 460, 462, 539.

Earthquake, 439, 476, and 474, where the hush between two earthquakes symbolizes the awed silence of a multitude.

Volcano. The cry of a multitude bursts like a volcano's voice in 464.

Tempest; and wild outbursts of sound are compared in 564 to a tempestuous wind tearing the sluggish clouds, and less successfully in 430 (from an early poem) to the weird notes of a wind among the trees. 440, 466, 634, describe the silence in the pauses of tempest.

The similes descriptive of the *human voice* abound in delicate perception. The bases of comparison for the human voice are as follows: *Bird*, 436, 602; *Wind in trees*, 438, (446); *Wind among flowers*, 481; *Dying Wind*, 458, 471; *Wind on water*, 427; *Wind in ruins*, 429, 612, 626, (cf. 873); *Wind*, 428; *Flame*, 482; (*Words = Fire*, 563; *Embers*, 572); *Ice*, 470; *Stream*, 454, 455, 457; *Waves on sand*, 480; *Music*, 434, 452, 483, 484, 505, 506, 587; *Waterfalls*, 433; *Light*, 619; *Shout = Sea*, 477; *Sound = Sea*, 478.

The characteristic manner, already illustrated, of expressing one sense in terms of another is illustrated as follows: *Sound = Sight*, with generally bright light superadded, 441, 449, 533, 548, 549, 557, 574, 575, and see above where *Voice = Flame*, *Fire*, *Light*, etc. *Sound = Odours*, 467, 488 (N.B.), 536 (N.B.); *Gruesome*, 444, 450, 620, 622.

(3) SIMILES OF ODOUR—12 similes.

The sense of smell, as lower on the intellectual plane, contains naturally few similes. A few additional ones are contained in the preceding category.

641 and 642 are more luxuriantly sensuous in character than is usual with Shelley, and remind one rather of Keats, or of Tennyson in his studiously sensuous mood as in the "Lotos Eaters."

(4) SIMILE AND METAPHOR—184 similes.

In this category simile and metaphor are combined with high poetic effect, the simile, as a rule, rising out of the body of the metaphor. This gives to the figurative expression, as a whole, a volume of sustained power, which is frequently lacking in the lighter individual similes. Occasionally, as in 649, the simile seems to inspire the metaphor which follows as its natural completion. So also 704, 712-13, 714, 716, 717, 825.

Examples of the reverse process where the metaphor is completed by a simile:

653. Hope *clings* like ice. (In cases like this it is, however, almost impossible to say whether the metaphorical idea of "hope clinging" came first into the poet's mind, and the simile expression "like ice" came as a natural complement to the idea, or whether, as the order of words in the original suggests, the simile inspired the metaphor. The former would be the more natural poetic sequence of ideas.)

660. Agony is *worn* like a robe.

661. In the *wilderness* of years her memory appears like a green home.

Noteworthy similes in this category.

690-1. (Imitated from "Calderon." See Shelley's note.) Here a condition in Nature is elucidated and amplified by human analogy. This reversal of the natural process of simile (from human to natural) is not uncommon in Shelley, though rare in other poets.

Observe, as representing many others, the magnificent similes, 712-3.

Other fine similes in this category are 717, 718, 719, 731, 732, 745, 746, 751, 761-2 (note the vigour and intensity, and also the element of colour), 765 (cloud imagery), 766, 785, 791 (cloud imagery). 813 contains the gruesome element so common in Shelley.

The similes in this category almost all repay study for the penetrating insight which they reveal into beautiful processes in nature, presented not alone for their own sake, but as revealing the significance of human conditions.

In 738 the simile and metaphor are not in harmony—'a blot upon the page of fame' being likened to a 'serpent's path.' The analogy is too remote to be successful.

(5) DOUBLE SIMILES—183 similes.

It will at once be evident that some of these partake of the characteristics of other categories, as for example, 885, 887, which might have been classified under *Simile and Metaphor*.

But taking even a doubtful example like 885, it will be seen that there is a certain parallelism of structure which justifies its insertion among double similes. "As a golden chalice catches the

bright wine which else had sunk into the thirsty dust, so is my overflowing love gathered into thee." (as) Asia: chalice (so) I: the wine.

This parallelism or double-thread of simile will be revealed by an analysis of any simile under this rubric. Some examples, as 839, 879, etc., are much condensed, and a very few, as 841, 962, are obscure from mere crudeness.

Gruesome Similes, 836, 850, 939.

Accumulative Similes, 859*f*, 881*f*, 919*f*, 983*f*, 989*f*, 998*f*.

These similes are very characteristic of Shelley. Readers of "Trelawny's Record" will remember his interesting relation of the poet's own account of his methods of composition. "When my brain gets heated with thought it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rude sketch, as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing." This swift succession of imagery is also found apart from the double similes; e.g., 76*f*, 176*f* (and indeed throughout the "Triumph of Life," which is a vast succession of accumulated similes), 290*f*, 297*f*, 318*f*, 513*f* (this is of the type Double Simile, but included under Similes of Sound), 545*f*, 603*f*. Also see "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," l.; and as a remoter instance of the same rush of figurative thought, observe the accumulated metaphors in "Epipsychidion," 21*f*.

(6) HOMERIC SIMILES—49 similes.

These are merely double similes of a more extended and pictorial character. As in the Homeric simile proper, the analogy is not maintained through every detail of the comparison. On the contrary, there need be only one essential point of contact, but the artistic impulse continues to develop a sustained poetic image, wrought out seemingly for the sake of its own beauty, and rather as an imaginative than as an intellectual stimulus. The type is a familiar one to the student of the classical poets, or even of our own classically minded poets, Milton, Tennyson, Arnold. E.g., "Iliad," IV.: "As when on the echoing beach the sea wave lifteth itself up in serried array before the driving west wind: out on the mid deep doth it first raise its head, and then breaketh upon the land, and roareth aloud, and goeth with arched crest around the promontories, and speweth afar the foaming brine: even thus in close array moved the hosts of the Greeks without pause to battle."

As an example of finely-wrought similes of this order in Shelley's poetry, reference should be made to 1015, 1036, 1050, 1058, 1059, 1060.

These are very successful similes in their kind, though not fashioned so carefully after the classical model, as certain famous examples in Milton, Tennyson, or Arnold. Some, as 1018, might easily have been classified as *Double Similes*.

Gruesome, 1060.

(7) HUMAN TO NATURAL—145 similes.

"The imagery which I have employed will be found, in many instances, to have been drawn from the operations of the human mind, or from those external actions by which they are expressed. This is unusual in modern poetry, although Dante and Shakespeare are full of instances of the same kind: Dante indeed more than any other poet, and with greater success. But the Greek poets, as writers to whom no resource of awakening the sympathy of their contemporaries was unknown, were in the habitual use of this power; and it is the study of their works (since a higher merit would probably be denied me), to which I am willing that my readers should impute this singularity." (*Shelley, Preface to "Prometheus Unbound."*)

The similes in this category require no special comment.

(8) HUMAN TO HUMAN—112 similes.

Of these I reserve only seven as containing an element of Nature description.

(9) HUMAN TO ANIMAL (or the reverse)—72 similes.

Romanticism implies for English poetry primarily a vast widening of the sympathies which embrace now not only man in all the hidden recesses of his nature, but extend to a compassionate pity for the dumb creation, and an emotional love for the inanimate world of natural beauty. In all these respects Shakespeare had foreshadowed the modern attitude of mind, but after his death until Thomson, or even until Cowper, we do not find these qualities again united.

Shelley's treatment of the animal world is not entirely sympathetic. His attitude of compassion or the reverse is determined by the one significant fact as to whether the animal in question is carnivorous or not. This fact in itself expresses Shelley's deep-rooted disgust for flesh-eating in man or beast.

Thus he speaks of *dogs* habitually in a tone of loathing, and makes them the symbol of a base and treacherous character, *e.g.*, 1223, 1229, 1255, 1271.

Even in 1251, 1282, where his sympathies for the oppressed in any form might have influenced him, he abates nothing of his habitual loathing for the friend of man. A reference to Ellis' "Concordance" will give other examples of Shelley's antipathetic feeling for dogs. (See also *Hounds*.) The only notable exception occurs in "Rosalind," 1069f.

This same reason for his hatred of dogs inspires his sentiments towards the fiercer wild animals, *e.g.*, *Wolves*, 1226, 1457, (see Ellis), *Tigers*, (see Ellis). This hostile treatment of beasts of prey need not, however, astonish us. It is only within the last few years that the splendid creatures of the jungle or the desert have entered as an element of beauty into artistic creation, and Leconte de Lisle and

Rudyard Kipling have alone sought to enter sympathetically into the meaning that lurks within their savage and unshaped intelligence.

With *Fish* the same principle holds. *Shark, Dog-fish*, 1279.

Serpents. Here the symbolical idea attaching to the serpent intervenes, and by a capricious reversal of Biblical teaching, Shelley identifies in "Laon and Cythna" the Serpent with the Spirit of Good. On the whole, however, he regards the serpent as inspiring loathing or disgust, *e.g.*, 1215, 1218, 1220, 1221, 1227, 1281.

Turning now to animals for which Shelley manifests compassion or affection, we find that *The Horse* is never harshly mentioned. In 1240 and 1260 a sympathetic feeling for the horse suffering oppression is shown (contrast Dogs above), and readers of "Laon and Cythna" will not forget the vigorous description of the Tartarean horse that bears Cythna and her lover to a refuge from the disastrous battle. ("L. & C." VI. xixf.)

Antelopes, Deer, Fawns, etc. These animals as representing at once the claims of grace and swiftness, and innocency trembling beneath the harsh oppression of the strong, are treated by the poet with compassionate sympathy. 1244, 1246, (and see Ellis).

Birds. Here only the more grossly carnivorous are subjects of aversion.

Vultures. 1233, 1252, 1255, 1284, (and *Ravens*).

Eagles. The Eagle is saved by his very sublimity, as evident from 1248, 1272, 1273.

But in "Laon and Cythna" he is regarded as the symbol of the Evil Spirit, and other passages in the poems refer to him in his rapacious character, *e.g.*, "Arethusa," III. 16; "Hellas," 307; "Laon and Cythna," VII. xxvii. 4.

(10) HUMAN TO ABSTRACTIONS, ETC.—40 similes.

Of these three only are retained. 1288 and 1289 are subtly imaginative, and reveal Shelley's primitive tendency to create living essences, as it were the presiding spirits or divinities of beautiful places.

(11) NATURAL TO NATURAL—119 similes.

Gruesome, 1336.

Reflected Light, 1346; *Reflected Form*, 1378.

Colour, 1382, 1383.

Cloud or Vapour Imagery, 1290, 1292, 1293, 1296, 1305, 1342, 1347, 1348, 1349, 1363, 1364, 1373, 1403.

(12) NATURAL TO HUMAN OR NATURAL PHENOMENA TO MENTAL
PHENOMENA, SPIRITS, ETC.—40 similes.

Shairp insisted that Shelley was incapable of direct forcible description, because, while contemplating a landscape, his thoughts evaporated into fantastic and unreal conceptions.

"So entirely at home is he in this abstract shadowy world of his own making, that when he would describe common visible things he does so by likening them to those phantoms of the brain, as though with these last alone he was familiar. Virgil likens the ghosts by the banks of Styx to falling leaves—Shelley likens falling leaves to ghosts: The dead leaves 'Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.' We see thus that nature as it actually exists has little place in Shelley's poetry." (Shairp in *Fraser's*, N. S., XX.)

This is weak and insipid criticism with but a grain of truth in it. The similes, for example, wherein Shelley expresses nature in terms of the human or spiritual world, are rare indeed by comparison with those in which human conditions are illustrated by a reference to the external world. Descriptions of the last-named kind prove, moreover, that Shelley could write when he would with his "eye upon the object"; and many detailed descriptions besides would attest his powers of a concrete and definite presentation of beauty. Bearing this reservation in mind, we may admit that the *Quarterly Review*, Vol. CLXIV., makes a nearer hit at the truth. "Except in the distinct descriptions contained in 'Julian and Maddalo,' or the distinct studies of atmospheric effects, everything is allegorized and idealized. Substance fades when the characteristics of nature change with his moods, and the 'orb'd maiden with white fire laden' becomes a 'dying lady, lean and pale.' Shelley, with his quivering sensibility, his fresh imagination, his intense and simple nature, treats stream and fountain cloud and bird, in the true spirit of a mythological poet. He associates inanimate matter with the attributes of sentient mind; endows it with his own passions; tinges it with the hues of his own life. His pictures are so charged with supernatural life that he seems unable to observe without personifying. . . ."

In point of fact, Shelley in this figurative type merely conforms to the usage of the great idealistic poets. He represents Nature as a living symbol. And whereas the majority of poets materialize their ideas by images drawn from the external world, Shelley spiritualizes inanimate nature by a vivid symbolical interpretation of natural phenomena translated into the language of the intellect. Lamartine, the great idealist in French literature, as Shelley in English literature, affords innumerable examples of this faculty.

He speaks of a white corolla—

"Elle est pâle comme une joue
Dont l'amour a bu les couleurs."

Or again

"De l'astre de la nuit un rayon solitaire,
A travers les vitraux du sombre sanctuaire,
Glissait comme l'espoir à travers le malheur,
Ou dans la nuit de l'âme un regard du Seigneur."

Gruesome Similes. Shelley's inevitable tendency to revel in gruesome ideas in the midst of beauty (*cf.* Hugo's employment of the grotesque) shows itself in the following similes: 1426, 1428, 1430, 1432.

(13) NATURAL TO ANIMAL—27 similes.

Gruesome, 1497.

Number 1474, and the whole poem from which it is taken, admirably reveal Shelley's mythopœic power.

(14) SIMILES OF SWIFTNESS AND EVANESCENCE—45 similes.

These similes are of great value for the characteristic expression which they give to an important side of Shelley's genius. Endowed with faculties of perception attuned to the highest pitch of intensity, and with emotional desires ever fleeting beyond the reach of attainment, his poetry vibrates with an eager vehemence of speed, incomparable surely within the range of literature; and there is always present amid all the ardours of emotional pursuit an ineffable sense of loss or unattained desire, poignantly expressed again and again by the confession of the transiency of earthly joys, and by the evanescence of those insecure delights which crumble in the hand stretched out to seize them. I have therefore classed together the similes of speed and of evanescence as representing two closely related expressions of the same qualities of mind.

In his similes of swiftness Shelley stands alone. His similes of evanescences are at one with the traditions of poetry in all ages and in every land. No great poet has ever been blind to the fleeting character of earthly beauty, nor to the perilous tenure by which we hold the transient gifts of time. Isaiah was not the first to give utterance to this confession of human impotence in that splendid passage in the thirty-fourth chapter:

"And all the host of heaven shall waste away;
And the heavens shall be rolled up like a scroll;
And all their host shall wither;
As the withered leaf falleth from the vine,
And as the blighted fig from the fig-tree;"

and while poetry exists there will be heard this human cry voicing the dumb protest of the world against the relentless march of change.

An analysis of these similes will show us Shelley's favourite comparisons.

Swiftess represented by

Cloud(s), 1477, 1485, 1491, 1497, 1519, 1520, 1534, 1545, 1556, 1567, 1578, 1596.

Shadow(s), 1516, 1552, 1571, 1579, 1584, 1587, 1621.

Thought(s), 1504, 1521, 1541, 1543, 1560, 1592; *Wind*, 1538, 1573, 1583.

Whirlwind, 1503; *Tempest-vapour*, 1502, 1542.

Storm, 1572, 1601; *Leaves in tempest*, 1487; *Insects in gale*, 1493.

Mist, 1621; *Volcano-smoke*, 1490; *Earthquake*, 1599.

River-foam, 1479; *Foam from ship*, 1550; *Gossamer*, 1517.

Light, 1518, 1605; *Morning*, 1515; *Fire*, 1537, 1611.

Moon, 1523; *Meteor*, 1561; *Star*, 1580; *Dream*, 1563, 1590.

Eagle, 1498, 1505, 1581; *Antelope*, 1597; *Tiger*, 1582; *Horse*, 1602.

Evanescence represented by

Cloud(s), 1482, 1485, 1508, 1509, 1528, 1553, 1558, 1564, 1613.

Dew, 1481, 1488, 1536, 1546, 1566, 1576, 1609.

Mist, 1495, 1510, 1531, 1542, 1595, 1614.

Shadow(s), 1499, 1506, 1511, 1514, 1539, 1565, 1575.

Smoke, 1486, 1507, 1512; *Foam*, 1588; *Wave*, 1615.

River (in Sand), 1501, 1549, 1570. *Bubbles on River*, 1562.

Spray, 1540. *Wind*, 1513, 1620, 1593. *Taper*, 1554.

Dream, 1569, 1574. *Moonlight*, 1594. *Embers*, 1604.

Corpse, 1591. *Dust*, 1577. *Insect*, 1555.

Child's Legend in Sand, 1585 (and cf. 1589).

(15) SIMILES OF LOVE—55 similes.

Of these, 41 bear upon Nature, and are retained. Shelley usually approaches love after the manner of the mystics, regarding it as the vital creative principle and the indissoluble band which knits the universe. Love and beauty in Shelley's half formless philosophy are so merged one in the other, that it is frequently difficult to dissociate them, and a discussion of the one topic would involve an investigation of the other. Here it need only be observed as a matter of curiosity that Love for the most part is figuratively expressed by an image of *Light*, e.g., 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1630, 1632, 1637, 1646, 1649, 1650.

Is this a reflection of the Neo-Platonic philosophy? Plotinus, it will be remembered, attached mystical significance to light.

(16) SIMILES OF DREAM—51 similes.

(Five retained.)

(17) SIMILES OF THOUGHT—30 similes.

(Twenty retained.)

Compared to *Shadows*, 1668, 1671, 1672. *Light*, 1673, 1676.

(18) SIMILES OF NUMBER—25 similes.

(To denote a multitude.)

Basis of Comparison.

Leaves, 1688, 1689, 1699, 1704, 1705, 1711. (Note the difference in presentation in each case.)*Sand*, 1690, 1693. *Waves*, 1691, 1692, 1702. *Clouds*, 1695, 1697, 1706. *Summer flies*, 1700, 1709. *Gnats*, 1701, 1703, 1708. *Ants*, 1712. *Mist*, 1721.

This category on examination will show how Shelley's originality enabled him to escape the bounds of conventionality. For no class of similes has such an artificial array of examples established by literary tradition, since Homer first numbered the hosts of well-greaved Achæians.

"So stood they in the flowery Scamandrian plain, unnumbered as are leaves and flowers in their season. Even as the many tribes of thick flies that hover about a herdsman's steading in the spring season, when milk drencheth the pails, even in like number stood the flowing-haired Achæians upon the plain in face of the Trojans, eager to rend them asunder" . . . or the following,—“Of a truth have I oft ere now entered into battles of the warriors, yet have I never seen so goodly a host, and so great; for in the very likeness of the leaves of the forest or the sands of the sea, are they marching along the plain to fight against the city.” The Bible also is a treasure-house for such similes, and the danger of conventional usage is therefore evident. The following only may be considered conventional, 1688, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1693, 1699, 1700, 1703; whereas in the other examples the poet's subtle powers of perception are exercised to derive the appropriate imagery from the field of Nature.

FLOWER SIMILES.

It only now remains to refer to the numerous flower similes or references that are scattered through the various categories. Many of these are extremely careful and delicate studies.

Flowers in General,—15, 75, 132, 164, 165, 169, 174, 190, 243, 333, 353, 378, 391, 396, 400, 401-2-3-4, 559, 593, 636, 639, 640, 643, 683, 684, 747, 754, 825, 852, 906, 908, 968, 980, 986, 1006, 1016, 1020, 1022, 1031, 1042, 1065, 1075, 1103, 1109, 1112, 1114, 1130, 1135, 1148, 1149, 1195, 1312, 1392, 1401, 1405, 1424, 1436, 1444, 1649.

Roses, 33, 341, 362, 370, 397, 605, 646, 753, 1089, 1090, 1423.*Lilies*, 352, 393, 729, 1178, 1332, 1422. *Hyacinth*, 536, 554, 886.*Violet*, 624, 637, 638, 1023. *Snowdrop*, 638. *Daisy*, 1333.*Lemonflower*, 641. *Magnolia*, 1380. *Sensitive Plant*, 1454.

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- 20 when bright, like dawning day,
The Spectre of the Plague before me flew. —*L. & C. XII. 25.*
- 21 and hope and peace
On all who heard him did abide,
Raining like dew from his sweet talk,
As where the evening star may walk,
Along the brink of the gloomy seas,
Liquid mists of splendour quiver. —*R. & H. 641.*
- 22 And in that dark and evil day
Did all desires and thoughts, that claim
Men's care, ambition, friendship, fame,
Love, hope, though hope was now despair—
Indue the colors of this change,
As from the all-surrounding air
The earth takes hues obscure and strange,
When storm and earthquake linger there. —*R. & H. 724.*
- 23 On my faint eyes and limbs did dwell
That spirit as it passed, till soon
As a frail cloud wandering o'er the moon,
Beneath its light invisible,
Is seen when it folds its grey wings again
To alight on midnight's dusky plain,
I lived and saw, and the gathering soul,
Passed from beneath that strong control, —*R. & H. 1039.*
- 24 There is no lament for him
Like a sunless vapour, dim
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not. —*Eug. H. 61.*
- 25 Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Thro' the dewy mist they soar
Like grey shades, till the Eastern heaven
26 Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain,
Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Thro' the broken mist they sail,
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill. —*Eug. H. 74.*
- 27 From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago, —*Eug. H. 210.*
- 28 Noon descends around me now :
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,

- 29 Or an air-dissolved star
Mingling light and fragrance —*Eug. H.* 283.
- 30 The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats tho' unseen amongst us—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread. —*H. I. B. I.*
- 31 Spirit of Beauty
Thy light alone like mist o'er mountains driven
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream. —*H. I. B. III.*
- 32 Look, sister, ere the vapour dim thy brain:
Beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
As a lake, paving in the morning sky,
With azure waves which burst in silver light,
Some Indian vale. —*Prom. II. iii. 18.*
- 33 Which fills this vapour, ^{and the light} as the aerial hue
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,
Flows from thy mighty sister —*Prom. II. v. 11.*
- 34 Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning
Thro' the veil which seems to hide them ;
As the radiant lines of morning
Thro' the clouds ere they divide them ;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest. —*Prom. II. v. 54.*
- 35 The elements obey me not. I sink
Dizzily down, ever, for ever, down.
And, like a cloud, mine enemy above
Darkens my fall with victory. —*Prom. III. ii. 80.*
- 36 Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and gold,
Such as the genii of the thunder-storm
Pile on the floor of the illumined sea
When the sun rushes under it ; they roll
And move and grow as with an inward wind ;
—*Prom. IV. 214.*
- 37 The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !
The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,
The vaporous exultation not to be confined !
Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind.
—*Prom. IV. 319.*
- 38 Drinking from thy sense and sight
Beauty, majesty, and might
As a grey and watery mist
Glow's like solid methyst
Athwart the western mountain it enfolds,
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow —*Prom. IV. 481.*

- 30 The wrecks of the tempest, like vapours of gold,
Are consuming in sunrise — *Via. of Sea*, 127.
- 40 Thou bearer of the quiver,
Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,
As light may pierce the clouds when they disaveer
In the calm regions of the orient day — *Ode to Lib. X*.
- 41 I hear the pennons of her car
Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame ; — *Ode to Lib. XVIII*.
- 42 How glorious it will be to see her Majesty
Flying above our heads, her petticoats
Streaming like
Or like a cloud dyed in the dying day
Unravelled on the blast from a white mountain ; — *Æd. Tyr.* 95.
- 43 one intense
Diffusion, one serene Omnipresence
Whose flowing outlines mingle in their flowing
Around her cheeks and utmost fingers glowing
With the unintermitted blood, which there
Quivers (as in a fleece of snow-like air
The crimson pulse of living morning quiver) — *Ep'ps.* 94.
- 44 the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream. — *Adon.* XIII.
- 45 His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries
Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct
With light, — *Hell.* 142.
- 46 A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light ; — *Hell.* 215
- 47 The Anarchies of Africa unleash
Their tempest-winged cities of the sea,
To speak in thunder to the rebel world.
Like sulphurous clouds, half shattered by the storm,
They sweep the pale Ægean, — *Hell.* 299.
- 48 In the death hues of agony
Lambently flashing from a fish,
Now Peter felt amused to see
Shades like a rainbow's rise and flee,
Mixed with a certain hungry wish. — *P. B.* XXVI.
- 49 the thunder smoke
Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak
Folded across their shoulders broad and bare ; — *Lett. to M. G.* 116.
- 50 Such clouds as flit,
Like splendour-winged moths about a taper,
Round the red west when the sun dies in it — *Witch.* III.

- 51 and on the water for her tread
A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,
Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon
—*Witch*, LIII.
- 52 Its shape was such as summer melody
Of the south wind in spicy vales might give
To some light cloud bound from the golden dawn
To fairy isles of evening,
—*Fragm. of Dram.* 215.
- 53 See those thronging chariots
Rolling like painted clouds before the wind
Behind their solemn steeds
—*Chas. I.*, I. 136.
- 54 Oh, light us to the isles of the evening land !
Like floating Edens cradled in the glimmer
Of sunset, through the distant mist of years
Touched by departing hope, they gleam !
—*Chas. I.*, IV. 22.
- 55 and the sense
Of hope through her fine texture did suffuse
Such varying glow, as summer evening casts
On undulating clouds and deepening lakes.
—*D. W.* 36.
- 56 Let us laugh and make our mirth,
At the shadows of the earth,
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,
Which like spectres wrapt in shrouds,
Pass o'er night in multitudes
—*Invoc. to Mis.* XII.
- 57 From that Typhaen mount, Inarime,
There streamed a sunlight vapour, like the standard
Of some ætherial host ;
—*Ode to Nap.* 44.
- 58 On one side of this jagged and shapeless hill
There is a cave, from which there eddies up
A pale mist like aerial gossamer,
—*Orph.* 18.
- 59 The Fairy's frame was slight, yon fibrous cloud,
That catches but the palest tinge of even
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight
—*Q. M.* 94.

(b) WATER COLOUR.

- 60 With the sun's cloudless orb,
Whose rays of rapid light
Parced around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.
—*D. W.* 153.
- 61 For where the irresistible storm had cloven
That fearful darkness the blue sky was seen
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven
Most delicately, and the ocean green,
Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,
Quivered like burning emerald :
—*L. & C. I.* 4.

- 62 Only 'twas strange to see the red commotion
Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere
Of sunset sweep, —*L. & C. I. 15.*
- 63 Beside that Image then I sate, while she
Stood, mid the throngs which ever ebb'd and flow'd
Like light amid the shadows of the sea
Cast from one cloudless star, —*L. & C. V. 51.*
- 64 while tears pursued
Each other down her fair and listening cheek
Fast as the thoughts that fed them, like a flood
From sunbright dales; —*L. & C. VII. 2.*
- 65 And in that roof of crags a space was riven
Thro' which there shone the emerald beams of heaven,
Shot thro' the lines of many waves inwoven,
Like sunlight thro' acacia woods at even, —*L. & C. VII. 11.*
- 66 Below the fountain's brink was richly paven
With the deep's wealth, coral and pearl, and sand
Like spangling gold, —*L. & C. VII. 13.*
- 67 When the summer wind faint odours brought
From mountain flowers, even as it passed
His cheek would change, as the noon-day sea
Which the dying breeze sweeps fitfully, —*R. & H. 1015.*
- 68 Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair; —*Eug. H. 90.*
- 69 And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
The dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,
From some Atlantic islet scattered up,
- 70 Spangles the wind with lamp-like water drops, —*Prom. II. iii. 78*
- 71 I hid myself
Within a fountain in the public square,
Where I lay like a reflex of the moon
Seen in a wave under green leaves; —*Prom. III. iv. 61.*
- 72 With mighty whirl the multitudinous orb
Grinds the bright sea into an azure mist
Of elemental subtlety, like light; —*Prom. IV. 253.*
- 73 The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea. —*Sens. P. I. 82.*
- 74 And wherever her airy footsteps trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep. —*Sens. P. II. 25.*
- 75 Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baia, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius. —*Sens. P. III. 1.*

- 76 While the surf like a chaos of stars, like a rout
 77, 78 Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron
 With splendour and terror the black ship environ,
 79 Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of pale fire
 In fountains spout o'er it.
 —*Vision of Sea*, 18.
- 80 And I was laid asleep, spirit and limb,
 And all my being became bright or dim
 As the moon's image in a summer sea,
 According as she smiled or frowned on me ;
 —*Epips.* 295.
- 81 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
 As clear as elemental diamond,
 82 Or serene morning air ;
 —*Epips.* 436.
- 83 Let there be Light ! said Liberty,
 And like sunrise from the sea
 Athens arose !
 —*Hell.* 682.
- 84 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
 —*Stanzas near Nap.* II.
- 85 This quicksilver no gnome has drunk—within
 The walnut bowl it lies, veined and thin,
 In colour like the wake of light that stains
 The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains
 The inmost shower of its white fire—the breeze
 Is still, blue heaven smiles o'er the pale seas.
 —*Letter to M. G.* 66.
- 86 The ripe corn under the undulating air
 Undulates like an ocean ;
 —*Letter to M. G.* 119.
- 87 And down the earthquaking cataracts which shiver
 Their snow-like waters into golden air,
 —*Witch*, XLII.
- 88 The water flashed like sunlight by the prow
 Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven ;
 —*Witch*, XLV t.
- 89 To glide adown old Nilus, where he threads
 Egypt and Æthiopia, from the steep
 Of utmost Axumé, until he spreads,
 Like a calm flock of silver-fleeced sheep,
 His waters on the plain
 —*Witch*, ! VII.
- 90 And the sun's image radiantly intense
 Burned on the waters of the well that glowed
 Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze
 With winding paths of emerald fire ;
 —*Tr. of L.* 345.
- 91 Like a gloomy stain
 On the emerald main
 Alpheus rushed behind,
 —*Arcth.* III.
- 92 And under the caves,
 Where the shadowy waves
 Are as green as the forest's night :
 —*Arcth.* IV.

- 93 Great spirit, deepest Love
Or, with thy harmonizing ardours fill
And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire. —*Ode to N.* 165.

- 94 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea, —*To Jane*, 29.

- 95 O'er the thin texture of its frame
The varying periods painted changing glows,
As on a summer evening,
When soul-enfolding music floats around,
The stainless mirror of the lake
Re-images the eastern gloom
Mingling convulsively its purple lines
With sunset's burnished gold. —*Q. M.* 3.

(c) THE SUN.

- 96 The moon arose : and lo, the ætherial cliffs
Of Caucasus, whose icy summits shone
Among the stars like sunlight, —*Alast.* 352.

- 97 A speck, a cloud, a shape, approaching grew,
Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere
Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear —*L. & C.* I. 6.

- 98 And oft in cycles since, when darkness gave
New weapons to thy foe, their sun-like fame
Upon the combat shone— —*L. & C.* I. 32.

- 99 Day after day the burning sun rolled on
Over the death-polluted land—it came
Out of the east like fire, —*L. & C.* X. 13.

- 100 the day was dying :—
Sudden the sun shone forth, its beams were lying
Like boiling gold on Ocean, strange to see,
And on the shattered vapours, which defying
The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly
In the red Heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea. —*L. & C.* XI. 2.

- 101 And as the meteor's midnight flame
Startles the dreamer, sun-like truth
Flashed on his visionary youth. —*R. & H.* 617.

- 102 And the light which flushed through his waxen cheek
Grew faint, as the rose-like hues which flow
From sunset o'er the Alpine snow : —*R. & H.* 1009.

- 103 And that eternal honour which should live
Sun-like, above the reek of mortal fame. —*Cenci*, V. iii. 31.

- 104 Pity the self-despising slaves of Heaven,
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene
As light in the sun, throned : —*Prom.* I. 429.

- 105 And far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
From icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
The dawn, —*Prom.* II. iii. 28.
- 106 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel
Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,
Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings. —*Prom.* IV. 274.
- 107 thou bearer of the quiver,
Whose sun-like shafts pierce tempest-winged Error.
—*Ode to Lib.* X.
- 108 When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows. —*Ode to Lib.* XI.
- 109 Thou Mirror
In whom, as in the splendour of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which thou gazest on ! —*Epips.* 30.
- 110 Imagination ! which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The Universe with glorious beams, and kills
Error, the worm, with many a sun-like arrow
Of its reverberated lightning. —*Epips.* 164.
- 111 Soft as an Incarnation of the Sun,
When light is changed to love, this glorious One
Floated into the cavern where I lay, —*Epips.* 335.
- 112 Another Athens shall arise
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ; —*Hell.* 1084.
- 113 Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and glance
Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun. —*Letter to M. G.* 281.
- 114 And she saw princes couched under the glow
Of sun-like gems ;] —*Witch,* LXIV.
- 115 And on the right hand of the sun-like throne.
—*Witch,* LXXIV.
- 116 For he seemed stormy, and would often seem
A quenchless sun masked in portentous clouds.
—*Fragm. of Dram.* 107.
- 117 This Charles the First
Rose like the equinoctial sun (engirt)
By vapours —*Chas.* I. 46.
- 118 And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, as he the stars. —*Tr. of L.* 77.
- 119 I arose, and for a space
The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep
Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace
Of light diviner than the common sun
Sheds on the common earth, —*Tr. of L.* 335.

- 131 Behold !
The sinking moon is like a watch-tower blazing
Over the mountains yet ; —*L. & C. VIII. 1.*
- 132 high above was spread
The emerald heaven of trees of unknown kind,
Whose moonlike blooms and bright fruit overhead
A shadow, which was light, upon the waters shed
—*L. & C. XII. 18.*
- 133 the prow and stern did curl
Hornèd on high, like the young moon supine,
When o'er dim twilight mountains dark with pine,
It floats upon the sunset's sea of beams,
Whose golden waves in many a purple line
Fade fast, till borne on sunlight's ebbing streams,
Dilating, on earth's verge the sunken meteor gleams.
—*L. & C. XII. 21.*
- 134 for thro' the sky
The spherèd lamps of day and night, revealing
New changes and new glories, rolled on high,
Sun, moon, and moon-like lamps, the progeny
Of a diviner Heaven, serene and fair : —*L. & C. XII. 38.*
- 135 yet his countenance
Raised upward, burned with radiance
Of spirit-piercing joy, whose light,
Like the moon struggling through the night
Of whirlwind-rifted clouds, did break
With beams that might not be confined. —*R. & H. 1154.*
- The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen among us, visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower
- 136 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance ; —*H. I. B. I.*
- Spirit of Beauty.
- Thy light alone—like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Thro' strings of some strange instrument,
- 137 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream. —*H. I. B. III.*
- 138 'tis He, arrayed
In the soft light of his own smiles, which spread
Like radiance from the cloud-surrounded moon.
—*Prom. II. i. 120.*
- 139 and from their glassy thrones
Blue Proteus and his humid nymphs shall mark
The shadow of fair ships, as mortals see
The floating bark of the light-laden moon
With that white star, its sightless pilot's crest,
Borne down the rapid sunset's ebbing sea ; —*Prom. III. ii. 23.*

- 151 Some shone like stars, and as the chariot passed
Bedimmed all other light —*D. W.* 173.
- 152 And yet there is a moment
When the sun's highest point
Peers like a star o'er ocean's western edge, —*D. W.* 201.
- 153 The city's moonlight spires and myriad lamps
Like stars in a sublunar sky did glow —*L. & C. V.* 1.
- 154 The shadow of the lingering waves did wear
Light, as from starry beams: —*L. & C. XII.* 20.
- 155 And where melodious falls did burst and shiver
Among rocks clad with flowers, the foam and spray
Sparkled like stars upon the sunny river, —*L. & C. XII.* 34.
- 156 That ivory dome, whose azure night
With golden stars, like heaven, was bright —*R. & H.* 1094.
- 157 More yet come, one by one; the air around them
Looks radiant as the air around a star, —*Prom. I.* 692.
- 158 Their beauty gives me voice. See how they float
On their sustaining wings of skiey grain
Orange and azure deepening into gold:
Their soft smiles light the air like a star's fire. —*Prom. I.* 759.
- 159 Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders thro' steep night,
Has found the cleft thro' which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon,
Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite. —*Prom. II. ii.* 14.
- 160 Sister, it is not earthly: how it glides
Under the leaves! how on its head there burns
A light like a green star, whose emerald beams
Are twined with its fair hair! how, as it moves,
The splendour drops in flakes upon the grass! —*Prom. III. iv.* 1.
- 161 And from a star upon its forehead, shoot,
162 Like swords of azure fire, or golden spears
With tyrant-quelling myrtle overtined,
Embleming heaven and earth united now,
163 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel
Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,
Filling the abyss with sun-like lightnings, —*Prom. IV.* 270.
- 164 Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were, —*Sens. Pl. III.* 1.

- 165 The leoprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death,
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath ; — *Adon.* XX.
- 166 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are. — *Adon.* LV.
- 167 Though in his eyes a cloud and burthen lay,
Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam
Piercing the chasms of ever-rising clouds,
Shone softly burning ; — *Prince Ath.* I. 60.
- 168 The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,
Hanging upon the peaked wave afar,
Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam,
Piercing the stormy darkness like a star,
Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,
Whilst all the constellations of the sky
Seemed reeling through the storm. — *Prince Ath.* II. 24.
- 169 The hoary grove
Waxed green and flowers burst forth like starry beams
— *Prince Ath.* III. 8.
- 170 Let the horsemen's scymitars
Wheel and flash like sphereless stars
Thirsting to eclipse their burning
In a sea of death and mourning. — *Mask of A.* LXXVIII.
- 171 Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,
Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and glance,
Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
- 172 A meteor tamed ; a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the Milky Way ;
— *Letter to M. G.* 278.
- 173 Through the green splendour of the water deep
She saw the constellations reel and dance
Like fire-flies
— *Witch*, XXVIII.
- 174 Until the golden eye of the bright flower,
Through the dark lashes of those veined lids,
Disencumbered of their silent sleep,
Gazed like a star in to the morning light
— *Fragm. of Dram.* 168.
- 175 And thou
Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,
Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,
Bright as the path to a beloved home,
Oh, light us to the isles of the evening land !
— *Chas I.* IV. 18.

- 189 When mid soft looks of pity, there would dart
A glance as keen as is the lightning's stroke
When it doth rive the knots of some ancestral oak.
—*L. & C.* IV. 6.
- 190 And smiles—as when the lightning's blast
Has parched some heaven-delighting oak,
The next spring shows leaves pale and rare,
But like flowers delicate and fair,
On its rent boughs,—again arrayed
His countenance in tender light :
—*R. & H.* 787.
- 191 Like veiled lightning asleep
A spell is treasured but for thee alone
—*Prom.* II. iii. 83.
- 192 Luther caught thy wakening glance,
Like lightning from his leaden lance
Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
In which as in a tomb the nations lay ;
—*Ode to Lib.* X.
- 193 Aye, even the dim words which obscure thee now
Flash, lightning-like, with unaccustomed glow
—*Epips.* 33.
- 194 If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt
Like lightning out of darkness
—*Tr. of L.* 269
- 195 But keener thy gaze than the lightning's glare,
—*Liberty*, III.
- 196 Fairest of the Destinies,
Disarray thy dazzling eyes :
Keener far thy lightnings are
Than the winged (bolts) thou bearest
—*Fragm. Hell.* 180.

(g) METEORS, COMETS.

- 197 A lurid earth-star, which dropped many a spark
From its blue train, and spreading widely, clung
To their wild hair, like mist the topmost pines among
—*L. & C.* XI. 12.
- 198 And as the meteor's midnight flame
Startles the dreamer, sun-like truth
Flashed on his visionary youth,
—*R. & H.* 615.
- 199 In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning,
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray ;
—*Eng. Hills*, 256.
- 200 I have heard those more skilled in spirits say,
The bubbles, which the enchantment of the sun
Sucks from the pale faint water-flowers that pave
The oozy bottom of clear lakes and pools,
Are the pavilions where such dwell and float
Under the green and golden atmosphere
Which noon-tide kindles thro' the woven leaves ;
And when these burst, and the thin fiery air,
The which they breathed within those lucent domes,

Ascends to flow like meteors thro' the night,
 They ride on them, and rein their headlong speed,
 And bow their burning crests, and glide in fire
 Under the waters of the earth again. —*Prom.* II. ii. 70.

201 Their bright locks
 Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all
 Sweep onward. —*Prom.* II. iv. 138.

202 the bright visi
 Wherein the singing spirits rode and shone,
 Gleam like pale meteors through a watery night.
 —*Prom.* IV. 514.

203 And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
 Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
 Laughed round her footsteps up from the earth !
 —*Sens. Pl.* II. 10.

204 Death, Fear,
 Love, Beauty are mixed in the atmosphere ;
 Which trembles and burns with the fervour of dread
 Around her wild eyes, her bright hand, and her head,
 Like a meteor of light o'er the waters ! —*Vision of Sea*, 161.

205 her petticoats streaming
 Or like a meteor, or a war-steed's mane, —*Ed. Tyr.* 95.

206 Another splendour on his mouth alit,
 And as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
 It flashed through his pale limbs, and pass'd to its eclipse
 —*Adon.* XII.

207 Like winged stars the fire-flies flash and glance,
 Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
 Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
 A meteor tamed ; —*Letter to M.* G. 281.

208 And the marsh meteors, like tame beasts, at night
 Came licking with blue tongues his veined feet ; —*Mar.* XX.

209 And the marsh meteors
 And he would watch them, as, like spirits bright,
 In many entangled figures quaint and sweet
 To some enchanted music they would dance, —*Mar.* XX.

210 From Prospero's enchanted cell,
 As the mighty verses tell,
 To the throne of Naples, he
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea
 Flitting on, your prow before,
 Like a living meteor. —*With a Guitar*, 17.

(h) THE SKY.

211 The other glowing like the vital morn,
 When throned on ocean's wave
 It breathes over the world : —*D. W.* 5.

- 223 At the helm sits a woman more fair
Than heaven, when unbinding its star-braided hair,
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
—*Vis. of Sea*, 66.
- 224 The cares we waste upon our heavy crown
Would make it light and glorious as a wreath
Of heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.
—*Chas. I.* 491.
- 225 When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens before them like eternity,
—*Summer and W.* 3.
- 226 From every point of the Infinite
Like a thousand dawns on a single night
The splendours rise and spread
—*Prod. Hell.* 62.
- 227 We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough,
Each seemed as 'twere a little sky
Gulphed in a world below;
—*To Jane Recoll.* V.
- 228 A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay
More boundless than the depth of night
And purer than the day.
—*To Jane Recoll.* V.
- 229 Heaven's ebon vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
—*Q. M.* 4.
- (i) FIRE.
- 230 Thou too, aerial Pile! whose pinnacles
Point from one shrine like pyramids of fire
—*Summer Eve*, 13.
- 231 One seat was vacant in the midst, a throne,
Reared on a pyramid like sculptured flame,
Distinct with circling steps which rested on
Their own deep fire—
—*L. & C. I.* 55.
- 232 And fires blazed far amid the scattered camps,
Like springs of flame, which burst where'er swift Earthquake stamps
—*L. & C. V.* 1.
- 233 The misery of a madness slow and creeping,
Which made the earth seem fire,
—*L. & C. VII.* 15.
- 234 Yet soon bright day will burst—even like a chasm
Of fire, to burn the shrouds outworn and dead,
Which wrap the world;
—*L. & C. IX.* 5.
- 235 Aloft, her flowing hair like strings of flame did quiver.
—*L. & C. XI.* 3.

- 236 towers far and near
Pierce like reposing flames the tremulous atmosphere
—*L. & C.* XII. 5.
- 237 Yet, yet, one brief relapse, like the last beam
Of dying flames, the stainless air around
Hung silent and serene—a blood-red gleam
Burst upwards, hurling fiercely from the ground
The globed smoke,—
—*L. & C.* XII. 16.
- 238 And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
239 Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies :
240 As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.
—*Eug. Hills*, 104.
- 241 Hither the sound has borne us—to the realm
Of Demogorgon, and the mighty portal,
Like a volcano's meteor-breathing chasm,
—*Prom.* II. iii. 1.
- 242 Pour forth heaven's wine, Italian Ganymede,
And let it fill the Daedal cups like fire.
—*Prom.* III. i. 25.
- 243 The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
—*Sens. P.* I. 86
- 244 And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.
—*Adon.* XVIII.
- 245 And grey walls moulder round on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ;
And one keen pyramid with edge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
246 Like flame transformed to marble ;
—*Adon.* L.
- 247 And then—as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
248 Those mountains towering as from waves of flame.
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent
—*Jul. & M.* 80.
- 249 Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is—
Each flame of it is as a precious stone
Dissolved in ever-moving light,
—*Witch*, XXVII.
- 250 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie
Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet
And from thy touch like fire doth leap
—*Const.* I.

- 251 There must have lived within Marengi's heart
That fire, more warm and bright than life or hope,
—*Mar.* XVIII.

- 252 When memory came
(For years gone by leave each a deepening shade),
His spirit basked in its internal flame,
As when the black storm hurries round at night
The fisher basks beside his red firelight
—*Mar.* XXV.

(j) EYES.

- 253 Life, and the lustre that consumed it, shone
As in a furnace burning secretly
From his dark eyes alone.
—*Alast.* 252.

- 254 O! there are spirits of the air,
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight trees :
—*To Coler.* 1.

- 255 Then she arose, and smiled on me with eyes
Serene yet sorrowing, like that planet fair,
While yet the daylight lingereth in the skies
Which cleaves with arrowy beams the dark red air,
—*L. & C.* I. 21.

- 256 Small serpent eyes trailing from side to side,
Like meteors on a river's grassy shore,
—*L. & C.* I. 56.

- 257 an eye of blue
Looked into mine, like moonlight, soothingly :
—*L. & C.* I. 58.

- 258 her dark and deepening eyes,
Which, as twin phantoms of one star that lies
O'er a dim well, move, though the star reposes,
Swam in our mute and liquid ecstasies,
—*L. & C.* VI. 33.

- 259 A voiceless thought of evil, which did spread
With the quick glance of eyes, like withered lightnings shed.
—*L. & C.* X. 16.

- 260 her dark and intricate eyes
261 Orb within orb deeper than sleep or death,
Absorbed the glories of the burning skies,
Which, mingling with her heart's deep ecstasies,
Burst from her looks and gestures :
—*L. & C.* XI. 5.

- 262 his eyes are mild
And calm, and like the mora about to break,
Smile on mankind—
—*L. & C.* XII. 3.

- 263 And his keen eyes glittering through mine,
Filled me with the flame divine,
Which in their orbs was burning far,
Like the light of an unmeasured star,
In the sky of midnight dark and deep :
—*R. & H.* 1134.

- 264 I feel, I see
Those eyes which burn thro' smiles that fade in tears,
Like stars half quenched in mists of silver dew.
—*Prom. II. i. 27.*
- 265 Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes ; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line thro' line inwoven.
—*Prom. II. i. 114.*
- 266 the young spirit
That guides it has the dovelike eyes of hope ;
—*Prom. II. iv. 159.*
- 267 The terrors of his eye illumined heaven
With sanguine light, through the thick ragged skirts
Of the victorious darkness as he fell ;
Like the last glare of day's red agony,
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep —*Prom. III. ii. 4.*
- 268 And your eyes are as love which is veiled not ?
—*Prom. IV. 92.*
- 269 Be your wounds like eyes
To weep for the dead.
—*Ode 3.*
- 270 With those clear drops, which start like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,
—*Epips. 142.*
- 271 And then came one of sweet and earnest looks,
Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes
272 Were as the clear and ever-living brooks
Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise
Showing how pure they are ;
—*Canc. Adon. 1.*
- 273 Oh, speak not of her eyes ! which seem
Twin mirrors of Italian heaven, yet gleam
With such deep meaning, as we never see
But in the human countenance ;
—*Jul. & M. 147.*
- 274 and eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.
—*Prince Ath. II. i. 4.*
- 275 Her hair was brown, her spherèd eyes were brown,
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,
Like the dim orb of the eclipsèd moon,
—*Fragm. Prince Ath. 1.*
- 276 Yet when the spir't flashed beneath, there came
The light from them, as when tears of delight
Double the western planet's serene flame.
—*Fragm. Prince Ath. 4.*
- 277 When Peter heard of his promotion,
His eyes grew like two stars for bliss ;
—*Peter B. VII. vii.*

278 deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen through a temple's cloven roof—
—*Witch*, V.

279 In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
280 Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet,
281 And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
—*Const.* I.

282 Thrills with her lovely eyes,
Which like two stars amid the heaving main
Sparkle through liquid bliss.
—*Q. M.* 38.

(k) DARKNESS, SHADOW.

283 Below, the smoke of roofs involved in flame
Rested like night,
—*L. & C.* III. 16.

284 I watched, until the shades of evening wrapt
Earth like an exhalation
—*L. & C.* III. 18.

285 confusion, then despair
Descends like night
—*L. & C.* V. 7.

286 O Spirit vast and deep as Night and Heaven!
—*L. & C.* V. 51, 2.

287 her dark hair was dispread
Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast,
Over mine eyes its shadowy strings it spread
Fitfully,
—*L. & C.* VI. 21.

288 The pitchy smoke of the departed fire
Still hung in many a hollow dome and spire
Above the towers like night;
—*L. & C.* XII. 26.

289 Sometimes through forests, deep like night, we glode,
—*L. & C.* XII. 35.

290 I bear a darker, deadlier gloom
291 Than the earth's shade, or interlunar air,
292 Or constellations quenched in murkiest cloud,
—*Cenci*, II. i. 189.

293 When its wound was closed, there stood
Darkness o'er the day like blood.
—*Prom.* I. 101.

294 Sister, I hear the thunder of new wings
 their shadows make
The space within my plumes more black than night.
—*Prom.* I. 521.

295 I see a mighty darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun,
Ungazed upon and shapeless.
—*Prom.* II. iv. 2.

- 296 That terrible shadow floats
Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke
Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea. —*Prom.* II. iv. 150.
- 297 Peace! peace! A mighty Power which is as darkness,
Is rising out of Earth, and from the sky
298 Is showered like night, and from within the air
299 Bursts, like eclipse which had been gathered up
Into the pores of sunlight; —*Prom.* IV. 510.
- 300 To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
—*Prom.* IV. 571.
- 301 Six the thunder has smitten,
And they lie back as mummies on which Time has written
His scorn of the embalmer; —*Vision of S.* 61.
- 302 Black as a cormorant the screaming blast —*Vision of S.* 105.
- 303 armies mingled in obscure array,
Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
Of serene heaven —*Ode to Lib.* XII.
- 304 The future looks as black as death, a cloud,
305 Dark as the frown of Hell hangs over it— —*Ed. Tyr.* 96.
- 06 And others said that such mysterious grief
From God's displeasures like a darkness, fell
On souls like his which owned no higher law
Than love; —*Prince Ath.* I. 93.
- 307 but o'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere
Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,
Glassy and dark,— —*Prince Ath.* II. ii. 47.
- 308 the flagging wing
Of the roused cormorant in the lightning flash
Looked like the wreck of some wind-wandering
Fragment of inky thunder-smoke —*Witch, L.*
- 309 And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crane
Was bent, a dim and faint ætherial gloom
Tempering the light. —*Tr. of L.* 91.
- 310 And Gregory and John and men divine
Who rose like shadows between man and God —*Tr. of L.* 288.
- 311 And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night
In the van of the morning light —*Lib.* IV.
- 312 A portal as of shadowy adamant
Stands yawning on the highway of the life
Which we all tread, a cavern huge and gaunt;
Around it rages an unceasing strife
313 Of shadows, like the restless clouds that haunt
The gap of some cleft mountain, lifted high
Into the whirlwinds of the upper sky. —*Alleg.* I.

- 314 A firmament of purple light
Which in the dark earth lay
More boundless than the depth of night,
And purer than the day. —*To Jane Rec.* 57.

(I) WHITE LIGHT, PALLOR.

- 315 Like mountain snow some, whose white hair shone
—*L. & C.* I. 54.
- 316 Let tortures strain the truth till it be white
As snow thrice sifted by the frozen wind —*Cenci*, V. ii. 170.
- 317 Were built, and through their snow-like columns flowed
The warm winds —*Prom.* II. iv. 94.
- 318 From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears
319 Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
320 Hung downwards, raising forth a doubtful light.
—*Prom.* III. iii. 15.
- 321 Within it sits a winged infant, white
Its countenance, like the whiteness of bright snow ;
322 Its plumes are as the feathers of sunny frost,
Its limbs gleam white, through the wind-flowing folds
Of its white robe, woof of aetherial pearl.
Its hair is white, the brightness of white light
Scattered in strings, yet its two eyes are heavens
Of liquid darkness, —*Prom.* IV. 219.
- 323 The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan
Like the head and the skin of a dying man —*Sens. Pl.* III. 28.
- 324 Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow. —*Hell.* 140.
- 325 O pallid as Death's dedicated bride,
Thou mockery which art sitting by my side,
Am I not wan like thee ? —*Jul. and Madd.* 384.
- 326 Last came Anarchy : he rode
On a white horse splashed with blood ;
He was pale even to the lips
Like Death in the Apocalypse —*Mask*, VIII.
- 327 From the workhouse and the prison,
Where pale as corpses newly risen,
Women, children, young and old,
Groan for pain and weep for cold. —*Mask*, LXVIII.
- 328 Her lips and cheeks were like things dead, so pale —*Sunset.*
- 329 His hands were clasped, veined and pale as snow. —*Tass.* 22.
- 330 And their mothers look pale, like the white shore
Of Albion free no more —*Lines*, Vol. IV. i. 16.
- 331 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy and pine,
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow
—*Ode to Nap.* 17.

332 Made the invisible water white as snow. —*Ode to Nap.* 42.

(*m*) GENERAL.

- 333 Like restless serpents, clothed
In rainbows and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks. —*Alast.* 438.
- 334 Hither the poet came, his eyes beheld
Their own wan light through the reflected lines
Of his thin hair, distinct in the dark depth
Of that still fountain; as the human heart
Gazing in dreams over the gloomy grave,
Sees its own treacherous likeness there. —*Alast.* 469.
- 335 Must that divinest form
. whose azure veins
Steal like dark streams along a field of snow,
- 336 Whose outline is as fair as marble clothed
In light of some divinest mind, decay? —*D. W.* 12.
- 337 Ardent and pure as day thou burnest —*D. W.* 92.
- 338 bright scales did leap
Where'er the Eagle's talons made their way,
Like sparks into the darkness —*L. & C.* I. 11.
- 339 Their sun-like form
Upon the combat shone—a light to save
Like Paradise spread forth beyond the shadowy grave
—*L. & C.* I. 32.
- 340 Mountains of ice, like sapphire, piled on high
Hemming the horizon round, in silence lay
On the still waters —*L. & C.* I. 47.
- 341 The radiance of whose limbs rose-like and warm
Flowed forth —*L. & C.* I. 57.
- 342 did my spirit wake
From sleep, as many-coloured as the snake
That girds eternity? —*L. & C.* IV. 4.
- 343 As thus the old man spoke, his countenance
Gleamed on me like a spirit's —*L. & C.* IV. 16.
- 344 A glorious pageant, more magnificent
Than kingly slaves arrayed in gold and blood,
When they return from carnage, —*L. & C.* V. 14.
- 345 the King with gathered brow, and lips
Wreathed by long scorn, did only sneer and frown
With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse.
—*L. & C.* V. 23.

- 346 As I approached, the morning's golden mist,
Which now the wonder-stricken breezes kist
With their cold lips, fled, and the summit shone
Like Athos seen from Samothracia, drest
In earliest light by vintagers, —*L. & C. V. 43.*
- 347 She, like a spirit through the darkness shining,
—*L. & C. V. 52.*
- 348 Thro' which, his way the diver having cloven,
Past like a spark sent up out of a burning oven,
—*L. & C. VII. 11.*
- 349 as a friend whose smile
Like light and rest at morn and even is sought,
That wild bird was to me, —*L. & C. VII. 14.*
- 350, 351 And brows as bright as spring or morning, ere
Dark time had there its evil legend wrought
In characters of cloud which wither not —*L. & C. VIII. 29.*
- 352 But one was mute, her cheeks and lips most fair
Changing their hues like lilies newly blown,
Beneath a bright acacia's shadowy hair,
Waved by the wind amid the sunny noon,
Showed that her soul was quivering ; —*L. & C. VIII. 30.*
- 353 Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet,
—*L. & C. IX. 22.*
- 354 The light of such a joy as makes the stare
Of hungry snakes like living emeralds glow,
Shone in a hundred human eyes— —*L. & C. XI. 25.*
- 355 A woman sits thereon,
Fairer it seems than aught that earth can breed,
Calm, radiant, like the phantom of the dawn,
A spirit from the caves of daylight wandering gone
—*L. & C. XII. 8.*
- 356 Now with a bitter smile, whose light did shine
Like a fiend's hope upon his lips and cyne,
—*L. & C. XII. 11.*
- 357 And in quick smiles whose light would come and go,
Like music o'er wide waves, —*L. & C. XII. 37.*
- 358 And down my cheeks the quick tears ran
Like twinkling rain-drops from the eaves.
When warm Spring showers are passing o'er ; —*R. & H. 366.*
- 359 For his cheek became, not pale, but fair,
As rose-o'ershadowed lilies are ; —*R. & H. 819.*
- 360 Thy light alone like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Thro' strings of some strange instrument,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream —*H. I. B. III.*

- 361 With golden-sandalled feet, that glow
Under plumes of purple dye
Like rose-ensanguined ivory —*Prom.* I. 319.
- 362 As from the rose which the pale priestess kneels
To gather for the festal crown of flowers
The aerial crimson falls, flushing her cheek,
So from our victim's destined agony
The shade which is our form invests us round,
Else we are shapeless as our mother Night. —*Prom.* I. 467.
- 363 and thro' yon peaks of cloud-like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers —*Prom.* II. i. 24.
- 364 Like the spark nursed in embers
- 365 Like a diamond, which shines
On the dark wealth of mines,
A spell is treasured but for thee alone. —*Prom.* II. iii. 84.
- 366 How its soft smiles attract the soul ! as light
Lures winged insects through the lampless air. —*Prom.* II. v. 161.
- 367 *Ione.*
Yet feel you no delight
From the past sweetness?
Panthea.
As the bare green hill
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water
To the unpavilioned sky ! —*Prom.* IV. 181.
- 368 Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,
Which penetrates my frozen frame, —*Prom.* IV. 327.
- 369 But the bee and the beam-like ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, —*Sens. P.* II. 49.
- 370 The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow
Paved the turf and moss below —*Sens. P.* III. 26.
- 371 a leech
Fit to suck blood, with lubricous round rings,
Capaciously expatiative, which make
His little body like a red balloon, —*Æd. Tyr.* 184.
- 372 When, like a noon-day dawn, there shone again
Deliverance. —*Epips.* 276.
- 373 Athwart that wintry wilderness of thorns
Flashed from her motion splendour like the Morn's —*Epips.* 379.
- 374 And, as those married lights, which from the towers
Of Heaven look forth, and fold the wandering globe
In liquid sleep and splendour, as a robe ; —*Epips.* 355.
- 375 It is an isle, 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth, and Sea,
Cradled and hung in clear tranquillity ;
Bright as that wandering Eden Lucifer,
Washed by the soft blue oceans of young air. —*Epips.* 457.

- 376 She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, —*Adon. XXIII.*
- 377 the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.
—*Adon. XLIV.*
- 378 Pass till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.
—*Adon. XLIX.*
- 379 Thermopylae and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
The springing fire, —*Hell. 54.*
- 380 her hoary ruins glow
Like Orient mountains lost in day : —*Hell. 84.*
- 381 To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge —*Hell. 644.*
- 382 Athens arose !—around her born,
Shone like mountains in the morn
Glorious states ;— —*Hell. 684.*
- 383 and when the earth is fair
The shadow of thy moving wings imbue
Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some bright robe ;— —*Prince Ath. II. iv. 8.*
- 384 Clothed with the Bible, as with light, —*Mask. VI.*
- 385 For with pomp to meet him came
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,
The hired murderers, —*Mask. XV.*
- 386 a Shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And upborne on wings whose grain
387 Was as the light of sunny rain. —*Mask. XXVIII.*
- 388 And those plumes the light rained thro'
Like a shower of crimson dew, —*Mask. XXIX.*
- 389 But Peter's verse was clear . . .
Like gentle rains, on the dark plains,
Making that green which late was grey, —*Peter B. V. xiv.*
- 390 When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire ;—
—*Letter to M. G. 33.*
- 391 Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone
In their own golden beams each like a flower,
Out of whose depth a fire-fly shakes his light
Under a cypress in a starlight night. —*Witch, XX.*

- 392 The silver moon into that winding dell,
 With slanted beam athwart the forest tops,
 Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell ;
- 393 A green and glowing light like that which drops
 From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell
 When earth over her face night's mantle wraps ;
 — *Witch*, XXXIX.
- 394 And it unfurled its heaven-coloured pinions,
 With stars of fire spotting the stream below ;
 And from above into the Sun's dominions
 Flinging a glory, like the golden glow
 In which Spring clothes her emerald-winged minions,
 All interwoven with fine feathery snow
 And moonlight splendour of intensest rime,
 With which frost paints the pines in winter time.
 — *Witch*, XLIV.
- 395 And all the forms in which those spirits lay
 Were to her sight like the diaphanous
 Veils, in which those sweet ladies oft array
 Their delicate limbs,
 — *Witch*, LXXV.
- 396 and the grave
 Of such, when death oppressed the weary soul,
 Was as a green and overarching bower
 Lit by the gems of many a starry flower. — *Witch*, LXXIX.
- 397 While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow
 Showered on us, — *Fragm. of Drama*, 67.
- 398 And poured upon the earth within the vase
 The element with which it overflowed,
- 399 Brighter than morning light, and purer than
 The waters of the Springs of Himalah.
 — *Fragm. of Drama*, 147.
- 400 And day by day, green as a gourd in June,
 The plant grew fresh and thick, — *Fragm. of Drama*, 161.
- 401 its stem and tendrils seemed
 Like emerald snakes, mottled and diamonded.
 With azure mail and streaks of woven silver ;
 — *Fragm. of Drama*, 163.
- 402 And all the sheaves that folded the soft buds
 Rose like the crest of cobra-di-capel. — *Fragm. of Drama*, 166.
- 403 You almost saw
 The pulses
 With which the purple velvet flower was fed
 To overflow, and like a poet's heart
 Changing bright fancy to sweet sentiment,
 Changed half the light to fragrance. — *Fragm. of Drama*, 172.
- 404 and it seemed
 In hue and form that it had been a mirror
 Of all the hues and forms around it. — *Fragm. of Drama*, 218.
- 405 What thinkest thou of this quaint mask which turns,
 Like morning from the shadow of the night,
 The night to day, — *Chas. I. I. 2.*

- 406 Until Heaven's kingdom shall descend on Earth,
Or Earth be like a shadow in the light
Of Heaven absorbed. —*Chas. I.* III. 28.
- 407 for the shade it spread
Was so transparent, that the scene came through
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills they glimmer; —*Tr. of L.* 30.
- 408 And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with blinding light
The sun, —*Tr. of L.* 77.
- 409 like day she came
Making the night a dream: —*Tr. of L.* 389.
- 410 the crew
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance
Within a sunbeam —*Tr. of L.* 445.
- 411 And others, like discoloured flakes of snow
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
Fell, —*Tr. of L.* 511.
- 412 The eddy whirled her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate which stood
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
Its very arch with light like blood; —*Mar. Dream*, XVIII.
- 413 And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet
A black ship walk over the crimson ocean,
Its pennants streaming on the blasts that fan it,
Its sails and ropes all tense and without motion,
Like the dark ghost of the unburied even
Striding across the orange-coloured heaven. —*Mar.* XXVII.
- 414 Upon its lips and eyelids seems to lie
Loveliness like a shadow. —*Merlus.* I.
- 415 A light such
As sleepers wear, lulled by the voice they love, —*Fiord.* 38.
- 416 The Giant Powers move,
Gloomy or bright as the thrones they fill. —*Prod. Hell.* 69.
- 417 Haste thou and fill the waning crescent
With beams as keen as those which pierced the shadow
Of Christian night rolled back upon the West —*Prod. Hell.* 169.
- 418 but the weary gla
Lay like a chaos of unwelcome light
Vexing the sense with gorgeous unlight, —*Amer.* 18.
- 419 Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim. —*Serch.* 22.
- 420 Where mighty shapes—pyramid, dome, and tower—
Gleamed like a pile of crags. —*Frag. of Dream*, v. 4.
- 421 Tears pure as Heaven's rain, —*Zucc.* X.

- 422 Its light within the gloomy breast
Spreads like a second youth again. —*Magn. Lady*, IV.
- 423 Best and brightest, come away !
Fairer far than this fair Day, —*To Jane*, 1.
- 424 Now the last of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou, —*To Jane, Recoll.* 1.
- 425 There was a little lawny islet
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven —*The Isle*, 1.

SIMILES OF SOUND.

MUSIC—WORDS—SILENCE.

- 426 Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought ; its music long,
427 Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
His inmost sense suspended in its web
Of many-coloured woof and shifting hues, —*Alast.* 53.
- 428 Yet, a little, ere it fled,
Did he resign his high and holy soul
To images of the majestic past,
That paused within his passive being now,
Like winds that bear sweet music, when they breathe
Through some dim lattice chamber. —*Alast.* 627.
- 429 Hark ! whence that wondrous sound ?
'Tis like a wondrous strain that sweeps
Around a lonely ruin
When west winds sigh and evening waves respond
In whispers from the shore. —*D. W.* 48.
- 430 Hark ! whence that rushing sound ?
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Which from the unseen lyres of dells and groves
The genii of the breezes sweep. —*D. W.* 53.
- 431 Such sounds as breathed around like odorous winds
Of wakening spring arose, —*D. W.* 75.
- 432 whence from secret springs
The source of human thought its tribute brings
Of waters—with a sound but half its own,
Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves. —*Mont. B.* 4.

- 433 Or where with sound like many voices sweet,
Waterfalls leap among wild islands green, —*Ded. L. & C. II.*
- 434 One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,
Which was the echo of three thousand years;
And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it.
As some lone man who in a desert hears
The music of his home : —*Ded. L. & C. XIII.*
- 435 Her voice was like the wildest saddest tone
Yet sweet, of some loved voice heard long ago. —*L. & C. I. 22.*
- 436 suddenly
She would arise, and like the secret bird
Whom sunset wakens, fill the shore and sky
With her sweet accents—a wild melody ! —*L. & C. II. 28.*
- 437 Triumphant strains which, like a spirit's tongue,
To the enchanted waves that child of glory sung.
—*L. & C. II. 28.*
- 438 When from that stony gloom a voice arose,
Solemn and sweet as when low winds attune
The midnight pines ; —*L. & C. III. 28.*
- 439 the chain, with sound
Like earthquake, through the chasm of that steep stair did bound,
—*L. & C. III. 29.*
- 440 a trance which awes
The thoughts of men with hope—as when the sound
Of whirlwind, whose fierce blasts the waves and clouds confound,
Dies suddenly, the mariner in fear
Feels silence sink upon his heart—thus bound
The conquerors pause, —*L. & C. IV. 27.*
- 441 Like a bright ghost from Heaven that shout did scare
The slaves, —*L. & C. V. 7.*
- 442 As we approached a shout of joyance sprung
At once from all the crowd, as if the vast
And peopled Earth its boundless skies among
The sudden clamour of delight had cast,
When from before its face some general wreck had past.
—*L. & C. V. 15.*
- 443 like a tomb
Its sculptured walls vacantly to the strokes
Of footfalls answered, —*L. & C. V. 22.*
- 444 It was a tone
Such as sick fancies in a new-made grave
Might hear, —*L. & C. V. 27.*
- 445 like the rush of showers
Of hail in spring, pattering along the ground,
Their many footsteps fell, else came no sound
From the wide multitude : —*L. & C. V. 29.*
- 446 Slowly the silence of the multitudes
Past, as when far is heard in some lone dell
The gathering of a wind among the woods— —*L. & C. V. 31.*

- 447 To hear the restless multitude forever
Around the base of that great Altar flow,
As on some islet burst and shiver
Atlantic waves ; —*L. & C. V. 41.*
- 448 To feel the dream-like music, which did swim
449 Like beams thro' floating clouds on waves below,
Falling in pauses from that Altar dim,
As silver-sounding tongues breathed an aerial hymn.
—*L. & C. V. 41.*
- but blind
450 And silent, as a breathing corpse did fare
451 Leaning upon my friend, till like a wind
To fevered cheeks, a voice flowed o'er my troubled mind.
—*L. & C. V. 45.*
- 452 Like music of some minstrel heavenly-gifted
To one whom friends enthral, this voice to me ; —*L. & C. V. 46.*
- She like a spirit through the darkness shining
In tones whose sweetness silence did prolong,
453 As if to lingering winds they did belong,
Poured forth her inmost soul : —*L. & C. V. 52.*
- 454 Her voice was as a mountain stream which sweeps
The withered leaves of autumn to the lake,
And in some deep and narrow bay then sleeps
In the shadow of the stones ; —*L. & C. V. 53.*
- 455 And heard her musical pants, like the sweet source
Of waters in the desert, —*L. & C. VI. 20.*
- 456 the sound as of a Spirit's tongue.
—*L. & C. VI. 32.*
- 457 The tones of Cythna's voice like echoes were
Of those far-murmuring streams. —*L. & C. VI. 42.*
- 458 The Tyrant heard her singing to her lute
A wild, and sad, and spirit-thrilling lay,
Like winds that die in wastes — —*L. & C. VII. 4.*
- 459 and they began to breathe
Deep curses, like the voice of flames far underneath
—*L. & C. VII. 7.*
- 460 a sound arose like thunder.
—*L. & C. VII. 10.*
- 461 from your hearts
I feel an echo ; thro' my inmost frame
Like sweetest sound, seeking its mate, it darts
—*L. & C. VIII. 17.*
- 462 The very darkness shook, as with a blast
Of subterranean thunder at the cry ; —*L. & C. VIII. 28.*
- 463 they heard the startling cry,
Like earth's own voice lifted unconquerably
To all her children, —*L. & C. IX. 3.*

- 464 So from that cry over the boundless hills
Sudden was caught one universal sound.
Like a volcano's voice, whose thunder fills
Remotest skies—
—*L. & C. IX. 4.*
- 465 And like a subterranean wind that stirs
Some forest among caves, the hopes and fears
From every human soul, a murmur strange
Made as I past ;
—*L. & C. IX. 6.*
- 466 A pause of hope and awe the city bound
Which, like the silence of a tempest's birth
When in its awful shadow it has wound
The sun, the wind, the ocean, and the earth,
Hung terrible, ere yet the lightnings have leapt forth
—*L. & C. IX. 11.*
- 467 thine own wild songs which in the air
Like homeless odours floated,
—*L. & C. IX. 12.*
- 468 from many a dale
The antelopes who flocked for food have spoken
With happy sounds, and motions, that avail
Like man's own speech ;
—*L. & C. X. 2.*
- 469 For, from the utmost realms of earth, came pouring
The banded slaves whom every despot sent
At that throned traitor's summons, like the roaring
Of fire, whose floods the wild deer circumvent
In the scorched pastures of the South, so bent
The armies of the leaguèd kings around
Their files of steel and flames ;—
—*L. & C. X. 4.*
- 470 when from beneath a cowl
A voice came forth, which pierced like ice thro' every soul,
—*L. & C. X. 31.*
- 471 His voice was like a blast that burst the portal
Of fabled hell ;
—*L. & C. X. 40.*
- 472 some kissed their marble feet, with moan
Like love, and died,
—*L. & C. X. 48.*
- 473 When the last echo of those terrible cries
Came from a distant street like agonies
Stifled afar.—
—*L. & C. XI. 13.*
- 474 There was such silence through the host, as when
An earthquake trampling on some populous town
Has crushed ten thousand with one tread, and men
Expect the second ;
—*L. & C. XII. 6.*
- 475 in that dread pause, he lay
As in a quiet dream—
—*L. & C. XII. 7.*
- 476 they hear
The tramp of hoofs like earthquake,
—*L. & C. XII. 8.*
- 477 a gathering shout
Bursts like one sound from the ten thousand streams
Of a tempestuous sea :—
—*L. & C. XII. 10.*

- 478 a blood-red gleam
Burst upwards, hurling fiercely from the ground
The globed smoke, I heard the mighty sound
Of its uprise, like a tempestuous ocean ; —*L. & C.* XII. 16.
- 479 slowly there is heard
The music of a breath-suspending song,
Which, like the kiss of love when life is young,
Steeps the faint eyes in darkness sweet and deep ;
With ever-changing notes it floats along,
Till on my passive soul there seemed to creep
480 A melody, like waves on wrinkled sands that leap.
 —*L. & C.* XII. 17.
- 481 Like the autumn wind, when it unbinds
The tangled locks of the nightshade's hair,
Which is twined in the sultry summer air
Round the walls of an outworn sepulchre,
Did the voice of Helen, sad and sweet,
And the sound of her heart that ever beat,
As with sighs and words she breathed on her.
Unbind the knots of her friend's despair
Till her thoughts were free to float and flow ;
And from her labouring bosom now,
482 Like the bursting of a prisoned flame,
The voice of a long-pent sorrow came. —*R. & H.* 207.
- 483 his words could bind
Like music the lulled crowd, —*R. & H.* 636.
- 484 And said, with voice that made them shiver,
And clung like music in my brain, —*R. & H.* 890.
- 485 And light and sound ebb'd from the earth,
Like the tide of the full and weary sea
To the depths of its own tranquillity —*R. & H.* 970.
- 486 till new emotions came,
Which seemed to make each mortal frame
One soul of interwoven flame,
A life in life, a second birth
In worlds diviner far than earth,
Which, like two strains of harmony
That mingle in the silent sky,
Then slowly disunite, passed by
And left the tenderness of tears,
The soft oblivion of all fears,
A sweet sleep : —*R. & H.* 977.
- 487 The melody of an old air
Softer than sleep. —*R. & H.* 1098.
- 488 Daylight on its last purple cloud
Was lingering grey ; and soon her strain
The nightingale began, now loud,
Climbing in circles the windless sky,
Now dying music ; suddenly
'Tis scattered in a thousand notes,
And now to the hushed ear it floats
Like field smells known in infancy,
Then failing, soothes the air again. —*R. & H.* 1103.

- 489 like spirit his words went
Through all my limbs with the speed of fire ; —*R. & H.* 1132.
- 490 Or the whirlwind up and down
Howling, like a slaughtered town, —*Eug. Hills*, 56.
- 491 and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror : —*Eug. Hills*, 178.
- 492 The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, among us
 Like memory of music fled —*H. I. B.* 1.
- 493 There shall be lamentation heard in Heaven
As o'er an angel fallen —*Cenci*, IV. i. 185.
- 494 Hark, 'tis the castle horn ; my God, it sounds
Like the last tramp —*Cenci*, IV. iii. 57.
- 495 Brother, lie down with me upon the rack,
And let us each be silent as a corpse ; —*Cenci*, V. iii. 48.
- 496 Ha, what an awful whisper rises up !
'Tis scarce like sound ; it tingles thro' the frame
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it strike. —*Prom.* I. 132.
- 497 These solid mountains quiver with the sound
Even as the tremulous air —*Prom.* I. 522.
- 498 Your call was as a winged car
Driven on whirlwinds fast and far ; —*Prom.* I. 525.
- 499 His words outlived him, like swift poison
 Withering up truth, peace and pity —*Prom.* I. 548.
- 500 Hark, sister ! what a low yet dreadful groan
Quite unsuppressed is tearing up the heart
Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep,
501 And beasts hear the sea moan in inland caves —*Prom.* I. 578.
- 502 Thy words are like a cloud of winged snakes : —*Prom.* I. 632.
- 503 Only a sense
Remains of them, like the Omnipotence
Of music, when the inspired voice and lute
Languish, ere yet the responses are mute,
Which thro' the deep and labyrinthine soul,
504 Like echoes thro' long caverns, wind and roll. —*Prom.* I. 801
- 505 and his voice fell
Like music which makes giddy the dim brain,
Faint with intoxication of keen joy. —*Prom.* II. i. 65.
- 506 I could hear
His voice, whose accents lingered ere they died
Like footsteps of weak melody : —*Prom.* II. i. 87.

- 507 Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air ; I feel them not. —Prom. II. i. 108.
- 508 A wind arose among the pines ; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts
Were heard : —Prom. II. i. 156.
- 509 When there is heard thro' the dim air
The rush of wings, and rising there
Like many a lake-surrounded flute
Sounds overflow the listener's brain
So sweet that joy is almost pain. —Prom. II. ii. 36.
- 510 There those enchanted eddies play
Of echoes, music-tongued, which draw,
By Demogorgon's mighty law,
With melting rapture or sweet awe,
All spirits on that secret way ;
As inland boats are driven to Ocean
Down streams made strong with mountain thaw. —Prom. II. ii. 41.
- 511 The storm of sound is driven along,
Sucked up and hurrying ; as they fleet
Behind, its gathering billows meet
And to the fatal mountain bear
Like clouds amid the yielding air. —Prom. II. ii. 59.
- 512 The vale is girdled with their walls. A howl
Of cataracts from their thaw-cloven ravines,
Satiates the listening wind, continuous, vast,
Awful as silence. —Prom. II. iii. 33.
- While the sound whirls around,
Down, down !
- 513 As the fawn draws the hound,
514 As the lightning the vapour,
515 As a weak moth the taper :
- 516, 517 Death, despair ; love, sorrow :
- 518, 519 Time both : to-day, to-morrow :
- 520 As steel obeys the spirit of the stone,
Down, down ! —Prom. II. iii. 63.
- 521 But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour —Prom. II. V. 61.
- 522 And from the flower-inwoven soil divine
Ye all-triumphant harmonies arise,
As dew from earth under the twilight stars ;
Drink ! be the nectar circling thro' your veins
The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods,
Till exultation burst in one wide voice
- 523 Like music from Elysian winds. —Prom. III. i. 27.
- 524 And we will search, with looks and words of love.
For hidden thoughts, each lovelier than the last,
Our unexhausted spirits ; and like lutes
Touched by the skill of the enamoured wind ;

- Weave harmonies divine, yet ever new.
 From difference sweet where discord cannot be.
 And hither come, sped on the charmed winds ;
 525 Which meet from all the points of heaven, as bees
 From every flower aerial Enna feeds,
 At their known island-homes in Himera,
 The echoes of the human world, —*Prom.* III. iii. 34.
- 526 this is the mystic shell ;
 See the pale azure fading into silver
 Lining it with a soft yet glowing light ;
 Looks it not like lulled music sleeping there ?
 —*Prom.* III. iii. 70.
- 527 Thou breathe into the many-folded shell,
 Loosening its mighty music ; it shall be
 As thunder mingled with clear echoes ; —*Prom.* III. iii. 80.
- 528 The pine boughs are singing
 Old songs with new gladness,
 The billows and fountains
 Fresh music are flinging
 Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea :
 —*Prom.* IV. 48.
- 529 See, where the Spirits of the human mind
 Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils, approach.
 —*Prom.* IV. 81.
- 530 Listen too,
 How every pause is filled with under-notes,
 Clear, silver, icy, keen awakening tones,
 Which pierce the sense, and live within the soul,
 As the sharp stars pierce winter's crystal air
 And gaze upon themselves within the sea. —*Prom.* IV. 188.
- 531 Two visions of strange radiance float upon
 The ocean-like enchantment of strong sound,
 Which flows intenser, keener, deeper yet
 Under the ground and through the windless air.
 —*Prom.* IV. 202.
- 532 which as they roll
 Over the grass, and flowers, and waves, wake sounds
 Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew. —*Prom.* IV. 233.
- 533 Oh, gentle Moon, the voice of thy delight
 Falls on me like thy clear and tender light
 Soothing the seaman borne the summer night
 Through isles forever calm ; —*Prom.* IV. 495.
- 534 I rise as from a bath of sparkling water,
 A bath of azure light, among dark rocks,
 Out of the stream of sound. —*Prom.* IV. 503.
- 535 Ah, me ! sweet sister,
 The stream of sound has ebbd away from us,
 And you pretend to rise out of its wave,
 Because your words fall like the clear, soft dew
 Shaken from a bathing wood-nymph's limbs and hair.
 —*Prom.* IV. 505.

- 536 And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense. —*Sens. P. I. 25.*
- The quivering vapours of dim noon-tide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
537 Move, as reeds in a single stream ; —*Sens. P. I. 90.*
- 538 He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles : —*Sens. P. III. 92.*
- 539 a loud, long, hoarse cry
Bursts at once from their vitals tremendously,
And 'tis borne down the mountainous vale of the wave,
Rebounding like thunder, from crag to cave, —*Vis. of Sea, 94.*
- 540 the whirl and the splash
As of some hideous engine whose brazen teeth smash
The thin winds and soft waves into thunder ; the screams
And hissings crawl fast o'er the smooth ocean streams,
541 Each sound like a centipede. —*Vis. of Sen. 144.*
- 542 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,
Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.
- 543 All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.
- 544 From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.
- 545 Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :
- 546 Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
547 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :
- 548 Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

- 549 Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.
 —*Sky-lark*, 33.
- 550 My song, its pinions disarrayed of night,
 Drooped ; o'er it closed the echoes far away
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain
 As waves which lately paved his watery way
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.
 —*Ode to Lib.* XIX.
- 551 The beast
 Has a loud trumpet like the Scarabee, —*Ed. Tyr.* 156.
- 552 Dinging and singing,
 From slumber I rung her,
 Loud as the clank of an iron-monger ; —*Ed. Tyr.* 236.
- 553 and your cries
 More dulcet and symphonious than the bells
 Of village towers on sunshine holiday, —*Ed. Tyr.* 122.
- 554 And from her lips, as from a hyacinth full
 555 Of honey-dew, a liquid murmur drops,
 Killing the sense with passion ; sweet as stops
 Of planetary music heard in trance. —*Epips.* 83.
- 556 Such difference without discord, as can make
 Those sweetest sounds, in which all spirits shake
 As trembling leaves in a continuous air ? —*Epips.* 144.
- 557 And music from her respiration spread
 Like light,— —*Epips.* 329.
- 558 And every motion, odour, beam, and tone
 With that deep music is in unison :
 Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
 Like echoes of an ante-natal dream. —*Epips.* 453.
- 559 Rekindled all the fading melodies,
 With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
 He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.
 —*Adon.* II.
- 560 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue
 —*Adon.* XXX.
- And ever as he went he swept a lyre
- 561 Now like the . . . of impetuous fire
 Which shakes the forest with its murmurings,
 562 Now like the rush of the aerial wings
 Of the enamoured wind among the trees
 Whispering unimaginable things, —*Canc. Adon.* 1.
- 563 Breathe low, low
 The words which, like secret fire, shall glow
 Through the veins of the frozen earth— —*Hell.* 31.

- 580 Lastly from the palaces
Where the murmur of distress
Echoes, like the distant sound
Of a wind alive around
Those prison halls,
—*Mask*. LXX.
- 581 Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,
582 And wide as targes let them be
With their shade to cover ye.
—*Mask*. LXXIV.
- 583 Let the tyrants pour around
With a quick and startling sound,
Like the loosening of the sea
Troops of armed emblazonry.
—*Mask*. LXXV.
- 584 And these words shall then become
Like oppression's thundered doom
Ringing through each heart and brain,
—*Mask*. XC.
- 585 And her low voice was heard like love,
—*Witch*, V.
- 585a All familiar things he touched,
All common words he spoke, became to me
Like forms or signs of a diviner world. —*Fragm. of Dram.* 55.
- 586 Your breath is like soft music, your words are
The echoes of a voice which on my heart
587 Sleeps like a melody of early days. —*Fragm. of Dram.* 100.
- 588 Soft melodies, as sweet as April rain
On silent leaves —*Fragm. of Dram.* 182.
- 589 his words, like arrows
Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy. —*Chas.* I. II. 105.
- 590 My word is as a wall
Between thee and this world thine enemy— —*Chas.* I. II. 204.
- 591 and that his words
Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears? —*Chas.* I. II. 461.
- 592 So did that shape its obscure tenour keep
Beside my path, as silent as a ghost; —*Tr. of L.* 432.
- 593 Upon my heart thy accents sweet
Of peace and pity fell like dew
On flowers half dead;— —*Lines to M. W. G.* IV.
- 594 thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo, —*To* —. 5.
- 595 And hark! a rush as if the deep
Had burst its bonds; —*M.'s Dream*, XIII.
- 596 A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen, but felt in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but incommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
—*To Const.* II.

- 597 Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn. —*To Const.* IV.
- 598 And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.
—*To Lord Chest.* II,
- 599 A sweet and creeping sound
Like the rushing of wings was heard around ; —*Frangm.* II.
- 600 Listen, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine,
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
601 Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below. —*Pass. of Apenn.* 1.
- 602 And your sweet voice, like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy-bower disconsolate —*To Mary.* 3.
- 603 And as a vale is watered by a flood,
604 Or as the moonlight fill the open sky
605 Struggling with darkness—as a tuberosé
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie
Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,
The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close
Of evening, till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interfused upon the silentness : —*Woodm. & Night.* 6.
- 606 A silver spirit's form
It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge. —*Tasso.* III.
Lips touched by seraphim
Breathe out the choral hymn
- 607 Sweet as if angels sang,
608 Loud as that trumpet's clang
Wakening the world's dead gang —*Nat. Anth.* VI.
- 609 Wrapt in sweet wild melodies
Like an exhalation wreathing
To the sound of air low breathing
Thro' Æolian pines, which make
A shade and shelter to the lake
Where it rises soft and slow : —*Birth of Pleas.* 4.
- 610 She went, ever singing
In murmurs as soft as sleep : —*Aréth.* I.
- 611 And heard the autumnal leaves like light footfalls
Of spirits passing through the street : —*Ode to Nap.* 2.

- 612 What wondrous sound is that, mournful and faint,
But more melodious than the murmuring wind
Which through the columns of a temple glides? —*Orph.* 35.
- 613 But in their speed they bear along with them
The warning sound, scattering it like dew
Upon the startled sense. —*Orph.* 41.
- 614 As in a brook, fretted with little waves
By the light airs of spring—each riplet makes
A many-sided mirror for the sun,
While it flows musically thro' green banks,
Ceaseless and pauseless, ever clear and fresh,
So flowed his song, reflecting the deep joy
And tender love that fed those sweetest notes,
The heavenly offspring of ambrosial food —*Orph.* 59.
- 615 There rose to Heaven a sound of angry song.
'Tis as a mighty cataract that parts
Two sister rocks with waters swift and strong,
And casts itself with horrid roar and din
Adown a steep: from a perennial source
It ever flows and falls, and breaks the air
With loud and fierce, but most harmonious roar,
And as it falls casts up a vaporous spray
Which the sun clothes in hues of Iris light.
Thus the tempestuous torrent of his grief
Is clothed in sweetest sounds and varying words
Of poesy. —*Orph.* 72.
- As I have seen
- 616 A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of winged clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on,
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
Tinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes.
Anon the sky is cleared, and the high dome
Of serene Heaven, starred with fiery flowers,
Shuts in the shaken earth; or the still moon
Swiftly, yet gracefully, begins her walk,
Rising all bright behind the eastern hills.
I talk of moon, and wind, and stars, and not
Of song; but would I echo his high song
Nature must lend me words ne'er used before,
Or I must borrow from her perfect works,
To picture forth his perfect attributes. —*Orph.* 87.
- 617 Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle by thy side? —*To Night*, IV.
- 618 Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain-side,
And fields and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirred: —*Aziola* II.

- and then as one
 619 Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
 With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
 And look upon his day of life with eyes
 Which weep in vain that they can dream no more. *Giner, 50.*
- my knell
 620 Will mix its music with that merry bell,
 Does it not sound as if they sweetly said,
 "We toll a corpse out of its marriage bed"? *—Giner, 76.*
- 621 A silence fell upon the guests,—a pause
 Of expectation, as when beauty awes
 All hearts with its approach, though unbeheld: *—Giner, 135.*
- 622 And silence, and a sense that lifts the hair
 From the scalp to the ankles, as it were
 Corruption from the spirit passing forth,
 And giving all it shrouded to the earth. *—Giner, 152.*
- 623 Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine *—Music, I.*
- 624 The dissolving strain, through every vein
 Passes into my heart and brain.
 As the scent of a violet withered up,
 Which grew by the brink of a silver lake:
 When the hot noon has drained its dewy cup,
 And mist there was none its thirst to slake—
 And the violet lay dead while the odour flew
 On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue.
 625 As one who drinks from a charmed cup
 Of foaming and sparkling and murmuring wine
 Whom a mighty enchantress filling up
 Invites to love with her kiss divine *—Music, III. & IV.*
- 626 No song but sad dirges
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges
 That ring the dead seaman's knell. *—Lines, II.*
- 628 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
 As still as in the silent deep
 The ocean woods may be— *—To Jane Recoll, 29.*
- 629 As the moon's soft splendour
 O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
 Is thrown,
 So your voice most tender
 To the strings without soul had then given
 Its own. *—To Jane, II.*
- 630 Thinking over every tone
 Which, though silent to the ear,
 The enchanted heart could hear,
 Like notes which die when born, but still
 Haunt the echoes of the hill; *—In Bay of Lerici, 10.*
- 631 Hark! whence that rushing sound?
 'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh; *—Q. M. 45.*

632 The long and lonely colonnades,
Through which the ghost of Freedom stalks,
Seem like a well-known tune,
Which in some dear scene we have loved to hear,
Remembered now in sadness. —*Q. M.* II. 168.

633 How beautiful this night ! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. —*Q. M.* IV. 1.

634 All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause. —*Q. M.* IV. 53.

635 Then dulcet music swelled
Concordant with the life-strings of the soul ;
It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,
Catching new life from transitory death,—
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea
And dies on the creation of its breath,
And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits : —*Q. M.* VIII. 19.

SIMILES OF ODOUR.

636 but my wings were faint
With the delights of a remembered dream
As are the noontide plumes of summer winds
Sate with sweet flowers. —*Prom.* II. i. 35.

637 Which breath now rises, as amongst tall weeds
A violet's exhalation. —*Prom.* III. iii. 131.

638 The snow-drop and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with the warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument
—*Sens. Pl.* I. 13.

639 The sweetness seems to satiate the faint wind ;
And in the soul a wild odour is felt,
Beyond the sense, like fiery dews that melt
Into the bosom of a frozen bud. —*Epips.* 108.

640 The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers,
—*Epips.* 258.

641 The light clear element which the isle wears
Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
Which float like mist laden with unseen showers,
642 And falls upon the eye-lids like faint sleep ; —*Epips.* 446.

643 The odour from the flower has gone
Which like thy kisses breathed on me ; —*Song,* 1.

- 644 and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb ;
— *Letter to M. G.* 210.

- 645 And odours in a kind of aviary
Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept
Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy
Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept,
As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
They beat their vans ;
— *Witch*, XVI.

- 646 as a tuberosa
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie
Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,
— *Woodm. & Night*, 8.

- 647 And the Champak's odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream :
— *Ind. Scene*, II.

SIMILE AND METAPHOR.

- 648 Till morning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration.
— *Alast.* 126.

- 649 sleep,
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain.
— *Alast.* 189.

- 650 and this lore did sway
My spirit like a storm, contending there alway
— *L. & C.* I. 37.

- 651 So that when Hope's deep source in fullest flow,
Like earthquake did uplift the stagnant ocean
Of human thoughts—mine shook beneath the wide emotion
— *L. & C.* I. 38.

- 652 Till from that glorious intercourse, at last,
As from a mine of magic store, I drew
Words which were weapons ;
— *L. & C.* II. 20.

- 653 And baffled hope like ice still clung to me
— *L. & C.* II. 21.

- 654 Truth its radiant stamp
Has fixed, as an invulnerable charm
Upon her children's brow, dark Falsehood to disarm
— *L. & C.* II. 44.

- 655 and his soul-subduing tongue
Were as a lance to quell the mailed crest of wrong.
— *L. & C.* IV. 17.

- 656 the murderer
Who slaked his thirsting soul as from a well
Of blood and tears with ruin !
— *L. & C.* V. 31.

- 657 A stormy night's serenest morrow,
Whose showers are pity's gentle tears,
Whose clouds are smiles of those that die
Like infants without hopes or fears,
And whose beams are joys which lie
In blended hearts,
—*L. & C. V. 50, 4.*
- 658 while the stream
Of life our bark doth on its whirlpools bear,
Spreading swift wings as sails to the dim air ;
—*L. & C. VI. 29.*
- 659 Where knowledge from its secret source enchants.
Young hearts with the fresh music of its springing,
Ere yet its gathered flood feeds human wants
As the great Nile feeds Egypt ;
—*L. & C. VI. 41.*
- 660 thus all things were
Transformed into the agony which I wore
Even as a poisoned robe around my bosom's core
—*L. & C. VII. 15.*
- 661 Yes, in the wilderness of years
Her memory, aye, like a green home appears,
—*L. & C. VII. 19.*
- 662 My mind became the book through which I grew
Wise in all human wisdom, and its cave,
Which like a mine I rifled through and through,
To me the keeping of its secrets gave—
—*L. & C. VII. 31.*
- 663 Thy songs were winds whereon I fled at will,
As in a winged chariot, o'er the plain
Of crystal youth ;
—*L. & C. VII. 33.*
- 664 And his red hell's undying snakes among
Will bind the wretch on whom he fixed a stain,
Which, like a plague, a burthen, and a bane,
Clung to him while he lived ;
—*L. & C. VIII. 8.*
- 665 Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves have worn
Channels upon her cheek.
—*L. & C. VIII. 15.*
- 666 The flood of tyranny, whose sanguine waves
Stagnate like ice at Faith,
—*L. & C. IX. 23.*
- 667, 668 And grey Priests triumph, and like blight or blast
A shade of selfish care o'er human looks is cast.
—*L. & C. IX. 24.*
- 669 Behold ! Spring comes, tho' we must pass, who made
The promise of its birth, even as the shade
Which from our death, as from a mountain, flings
The future, a broad sunrise ;
—*L. & C. IX. 25.*
- 670 thus arrayed
As with the plumes of overshadowing wings,
671 From its dark gulph of chains, Earth like an eagle springs
—*L. & C. IX. 25.*

- 672 Want and Pest
Were horrible, but one more fell doth rear.
As in a hydra's swarming lair, its crest
Eminent among these victims—even the Fear
Of Hell : —*L. & C. XI. 7.*
- 673 What were his thoughts linked in the morning sun,
Among those reptiles, stingless with delay,
Even like a tyrant's wrath ? —*L. & C. XII. 7.*
- 674 Which that we have abandoned now,
Weighs on the heart like that remorse
Which altered friendship leaves. —*R. & H. 27.*
- 675 Walking beneath the night of life,
Whose hours extinguished, like slow rain
Falling forever, pain by pain,
The very hope of death's dear rest ; —*R. & H. 332.*
- 676 Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold,
Which, like fierce fever, left him weak : —*R. & H. 424.*
- 677 and hope and peace
On all who heard him did abide,
Raining like dew from his sweet talk, —*R. & H. 641.*
- 678 yet all men loved
Young Lionel,
All but the priests, whose hatred fell
Like the unseen blight of a smiling day.
The withering honey-dew, which clings
Under the bright green buds of May,
Whilst they unfold their emerald wings : —*R. & H. 673.*
- 679 Whose hope was like the life of youth
Within him, and when dead, became
A spirit of unresting flame, —*R. & H. 732.*
- 680 And winged hope, on which upborne,
His soul seemed hovering in his eyes,
Like some bright spirit newly born
Floating amid the sunny skies,
Sprang forth from his rent heart anew. —*R. & H. 798.*
- 681 And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
Like wrecks in the surge of eternity. —*R. & H. 900.*
- 682 The truth flashed o'er me like quick madness —*R. & H. 998.*
- 683 Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom
Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb. —*R. & H. 1310.*
- 684 while like flowers
In the waste of years and hours,
From your dust new nations spring
With more kindly blossoming. —*Eug. Hills, 163.*
- 685 oh, rather say
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sun-like soul —*Eug. Hills, 191.*

- 686 But a friend's bosom
Is as the inmost cave of our own mind
Where we sit shut from the wide gaze of day,
And from the all-communicating air. —*Cenci*, II. ii. 88.
- 687 If I must live day after day, and keep
These limbs, the unworthy temple of thy spirit,
As a foul den from which what thou abhorrest
May mock thee, unavenged— —*Cenci*, III. i. 128.
- 688 Self-murder! no, that might be no escape,
For thy decree yawns like a Hell between
Our will and it :— —*Cenci*, III. i. 132.
- 689 And, honoured lady, while I speak, I pray
That you put off, as garments overworn,
Forbearance and respect, remorse and fear, —*Cenci*, III. i. 207.
- 690 And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulph, and with the agony
With which it clings seems slowly coming down ;
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life ; yet clinging, leans ;
And leaning makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall ; beneath this crag
691 Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns. — —*Cenci*, III. i. 246.
- 692 That word parricide,
Although I am resolved, haunts me like fear. —*Cenci*, III. i. 340.
- 693 No, 'tis her stubborn will
Which by its own consent shall stoop as low
As that which drags it down. —*Cenci*, IV. i. 10.
- 694 and make his youth
The sepulchre of hope, where evil thoughts
Shall grow like weeds on a neglected tomb —*Cenci*, IV. i. 52.
- 695 this devil
Which sprung from me as from a hell —*Cenci*, IV. i. 119.
- 696 aye, of the inmost soul,
Which weeps within tears as of burning gall —*Cenci*, V. iii. 66.
- 697 Plead with awakening earthquake, o'er whose couch
Even now a city stands, strong, fair, and free ;
Now stench and blackness yawn, like death. —*Cenci*, V. iv. 103.
- 698 How will thy soul, cloven to its depths with terror,
Gape like a hell within ! —*Prom.* I. 55.
- 699 Till thine Infinity shall be
A robe of envenomed agony ;
And thine Omnipotence a crown of pain,
To cling like burning gold round thy dissolving brain. —*Prom.* I. 288.

701 bend thy soul in prayer,
And like a suppliant in some gorgeous fane,
Let the will kneel within thy haughty heart : — *Prom.* I. 376.

702 For what submission but that fatal word,
The death-seal of mankind's captivity,
Like the Sicilian's hair-suspended sword,
Which trembles o'er his crown, would he accept,
Or could I yield? —*Prom.* I. 396.

703 That we will be dread thought beneath thy brain,
And blood within thy labyrinthine veins
Crawling like agony. —*Prom.* I. 488.

704 Leave the hatred as in ashes
 Fire is left for future burning :
 It will burst in bloodier flashes
 When ye stir it soon returning

—*Prom.* I. 506.

and the present is spread
705 Like a pillow of thorns for thy slumberless head.
--*Prom.* I. 562.

706 I bid ascend those subtle and fair spirits,
Whose homes are the dim caves of human thought,
And who inhabit, as birds wing the wind,
Its world-surrounding ether : —*Prom.* l. 658.

707, 708 From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended :
 Yes, like a spirit, like a thought, which makes
 Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes,
 And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
 Which should have learnt repose : thou hast descended
 Cradled in tempests ; thou dost wake, O Spring !
 O child of many winds ! As suddenly
 Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
 Which now is sad because it hath been sweet ;
 709, 710 Like genius, or like joy which riseth up
 As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
 The desert of our life.

—Prom. II. i. 1.

711 How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl !
Prom. II. i. 16.

712 Hark ! the rushing snow !
The sun-awakened avalanche ! whose mass
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now
—*Prom.* II. iii. 36.

713 The snake-like Doom coiled underneath his throne
-*Prom.* II. iii. 97.

714 And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood ;
—*Prom.* II. iv. 35.

- 715 My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ; —*Prom.* II. v. 72.
- 716 The soul of man, like unextinguished fire
Yet burns towards heaven with fierce reproach,
—*Prom.* III. i. 5.
- 717 And tho' my curses thro' the pendulous air,
Like snow on herbless peaks, fall flake by flake,
And cling to it ; tho' under my wrath's might
It climb the crags of life, step after step,
718 Which wound it as ice wounds unsandalled feet,
—*Prom.* III. i. 11.
- 719 there the emulous youths
Bore to thy honour thro' the divine gloom
The lamp which was thine emblem ; even as those
Who bear the untransmitted torch of hope
Into the grave, across the night of life,
As thou hast borne it most triumphantly
To this far goal of time. —*Prom.* III. iii. 168.
- 720 Till her heart thaw like flakes of April snow—*Prom.* III. iv. 89.
- 721 The painted veil, by those who were, called life,
Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside ;—*Prom.* III. iv. 190.
- 722 Once the hungry Hours were hounds
Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds
Through the nightly dells of the desert year.—*Prom.* IV. 73.
- 723 Wherever we fly we lead along
In leashes like star-beams, soft yet strong,
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain.
—*Prom.* IV. 177.
- 724 Yet its two eyes are heavens
Of liquid darkness, which the Deity
Within seems pouring, as a storm is poured
From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy lashes,
Tempering the cold and radiant air around
With fire that is not brightness ; —*Prom.* IV. 225.
- 725 till the blue globe
Wrapt deluge round it like a cloak. —*Prom.* IV. 315.
- 726 Borne beside thee by a power
Like the polar Paradise
727 Magnet-like of lover's eyes ; —*Prom.* IV. 464.
- 728 Love,
from the slippery steep
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings. —*Prom.* IV. 557.
- 729 And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Manad its moonlight-colored cup, —*Sens.* P. I. 33.

- 730 Thou art but the mind's first chamber
Round which its young fancies clamber,
Like weak insects in a cave,
Lighted up by stalactites ; —*Ode to Hear*, 28.
- 731 Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning : there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
732 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm. —*Ode to West W.* II.
- 733 My soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
And, in the rapid plumes of song,
Clothed itself, sublime and strong ;
As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey ; —*Ode to Lib.* I.
- 734 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
Ode to Lib. IX.
- 735 The eager hours and unreluctant years
As on a dawn-illuminated mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears
—*Ode to Lib.* XI.
- 736 as if day had cloven the skies
At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
Men started, staggering with a glad surprise,
Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.
—*Ode to Lib.* XI.
- 737 How like Bacchanals of blood
Round France, the ghastly vintage, stood
Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood
—*Ode to Lib.* XII.
- O, that the free would stamp the impious name
Of King into the dust ! or write it there,
So that this blot upon the page of fame
738 Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, and the flat sands close behind !
Ye the oracle have heard :
Lift the victory-flashing sword,
And cut the snaky knots of this foul gordian word,
739 Which, weak itself as stubble, yet can bind
—*Ode to Lib.* XV.
- 740 Sweet Lamp ! my moth-like muse has burnt its wings :
—*Epips.* 53.
- 741 A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom !
—*Epips.* 56.

- 757 and thou Air
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, —*Adon*. XLI.
- 758 The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. —*Adon*. XLIV.
- 759 A Promethean conqueror came :
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame —*Hell*. 212
- 760 It has been sown
And yet the harvest to the sickleman
Is as a grain to each. —*Hell*. 249.
- 761 Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned
Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud
Which leads the rear of the departing day ;
Wan emblem of an empire fading now !
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,
And, like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent,
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,
One star with insolent and victorious light
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,
762 Like arrows through a fainting antelope,
Strikes its weak form to death, —*Hell*. 337.
- 763 The spirit that lifts the slave before his lord
Stalks through the capitals of armed kings,

Exults in chains ; and when the rebel falls,
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust ; —*Hell*. 351.
- 764 The coming age is shadowed on the past
As on a glass —*Hell*. 805.
- 765 The heavy fragments of the power which fell
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds
Hang round my throne on the abyss, —*Hell*. 865.
- 766 The autumn of a greener faith has come,
And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her aerie, while Dominion whelped below.
The storm is in its branches, and the frost
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,
Ruin on ruin. —*Hell*. 871.
- 767 Oh, bear me to those isles of jagged cloud
Which float like mountains on the earthquake, mid
The momentary oceans of the lightning, —*Hell*. 957.
- 768 And weave into his shame, which like the dead
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled —*Napoleon*, 39.

- 784 As troubled skies stain waters clear,
The storm in Peter's heart and mind
Now made his verses dark and queer : — *Peter B. VI. xxxi.*
- 785 The spider spreads her webs, whether she be
In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree ;
The silk-worm in the dark green mulberry leaves
His winding-sheet and cradle ever weaves ;
So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,
Sit spinning still round this decaying form,
From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought
No net of words in garish colours wrought
To catch the idle buzzers of the day—
But a soft cell, where when that fades away,
Memory may clothe in wings my living name
And feed it with the asphodels of fame, — *Letter to M. G. 1.*
- 786 If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,
787 If hawks chase doves through the ætherial way,
788, 789 Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,
Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast
Out of the forest of the pathless past
These recollected pleasures ? — *Letter to M. G. 187.*
- 790 And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brains for similes, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door ; — *Letter to M. G. 219.*
- 790a Their spirits shook within them, as a flame
Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt : — *Witch, XI.*
- 791 A haven beneath whose translucent floor
The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,
And around which the solid vapours hoar,
Based on the level waters, to the sky
Lifted their dreadful crags, and like a shore
Of wintry mountains inaccessibly,
Hemmed in with rifts and precipices grey,
And hanging crags, many a cove and bay. — *Witch, XLIX.*
- 792 And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash,
Of the wind's scourge, foamed like a wounded thing — *Witch, L.*
- 793 There the meteor lay,
Panting forth light among the leaves and flowers,
As if it lived, and was outworn with speed ;
794 Or that it loved, and passion made the pulse
795 Of its bright life throb like an anxious heart,
— *Fragm. of Dram. 130.*
- 796 vigilant Fear,
And open-eyed Conspiracy lie sleeping
As on Hell's threshold ; — *Chas. I. I. 27.*
- 797 Subdue thy actions
Even to the disposition of thy purpose,
And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel ;
— *Chas. I. II. 126.*

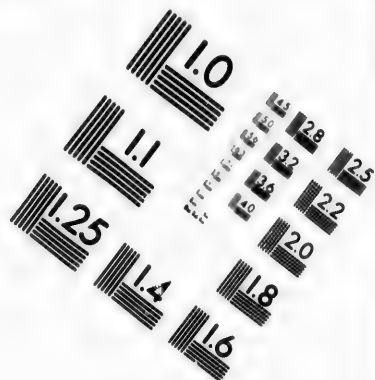
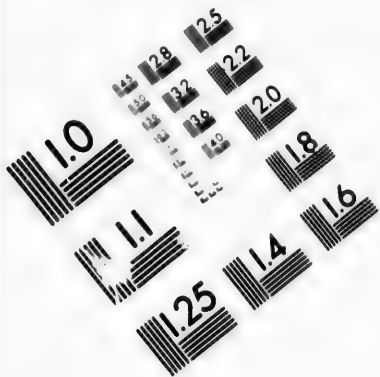
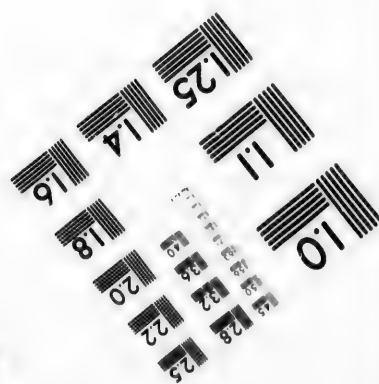
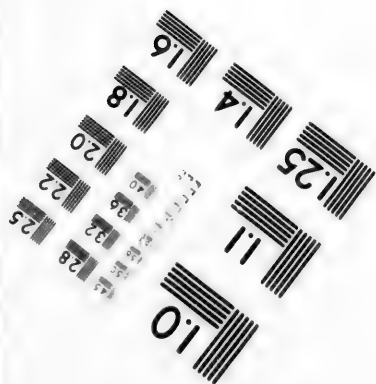
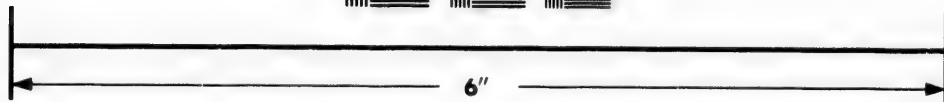
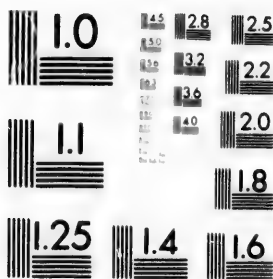


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- 828 His slumbers are but varied agonies,
They prey like scorpions on the springs of life.
—*Q. M. III. 77.*
- 829 their influence darts
Like subtle poison through the bloodless veins
Of desolate society. —*Q. M. IV. 106.*
- 830 Until pure health-drops, from the cup of joy,
Fall like a dew of balm upon the world. —*Q. M. VI. 52.*
- 831 And life. . . .
 Like hungry and unresting flame
Curls round the eternal columns of its strength
—*Q. M. VI. 235.*

DOUBLE SIMILES.

- 832 His wan eyes
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven —*Alast. 201.*
- 833 and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs
Uniting their close union : —*Alast. 438.*
- 834 And I return to thee, mine own heart's home ;
As to his Queen some victor Knight of Faery,
Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome ;
—*Dedn., L. & C. I.*
- 835 Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
Fell like bright Spring upon some herbless plain ;
—*Dedn., L. & C. VII.*
- 836 These things dwelt in me even as shadows keep
Their watch in some dim charnel's loneliness,
—*L. & C. III. 22.*
- 837 my scorched limbs he wound
In linen moist and balmy, and as cold
As dew to drooping leaves ;— —*L. & C. III. 29.*
- 838 But Laon's name to the tumultuous throng
Were like the star whose beams the waves compel
And tempests, —*L. & C. IV. 17.*
- 839 The tyrants send their armed slaves to quell
Her power ;—they, even like a thunder gust
Caught by some forest, bend beneath the spell
Of that young maiden's speech, —*L. & C. IV. 20.*
- 840 “and let the past
Be as a grave that gives not up its dead
To evil thoughts.” —*L. & C. V. 12.*

- 841 but his straight lips were bent,
Men said, into a smile which guile portended,
A sight with which that child like hope with fear was blended.
—*L. & C. V. 36.*
- 842 I could see
The multitudes, the mountains and the sea;
As when eclipse hath passed, things sudden shine
To men's astonished eyes most clear and crystalline.
—*L. & C. V. 46.*
- 843 to each other
As when some parent fondly reconciles
Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles
With her own sustenance;
—*L. & C. V. 55.*
- 844 and over all
A mist was spread, the sickness of a deep
And speechless swoon of joy, as might befall
Two disunited spirits when they leap
In union from this earth's obscure and fading sleep
—*L. & C. VI. 34.*
- 845 Justice, or truth, or joy! those only can
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves,
—*L. & C. VIII. 11.*
- Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves have worn
Channels upon her cheek, which smiles adorn,
846 As calm decks the false ocean:—
—*L. & C. VIII. 15.*
- 847 Yes—I must speak—my secret should have perished
Even with the heart it wasted, as a brand
Fades in the dying flame whose life it cherished,
—*L. & C. VIII. 24.*
- 848 a wide enthusiasm,
To cleanse the fevered world as with an earthquake's spasm!
—*L. & C. IX. 5.*
- 849 Those who were sent to bind me, wept and felt
Their minds outsoar the bounds which clasped them round,
Even as a waxen shape may waste and melt
In the white furnace;
—*L. & C. IX. 11.*
- 850 And Calumny meanwhile shall feed on us,
As worms devour the dead,
—*L. & C. IX. 31.*
- 851 those hosts of many a nation
Stood round that pile, as near one lover's tomb
Two gentle sisters mourn their desolation;
—*L. & C. X. 43.*
- 852 for many of those warriors young,
Had on his eloquent accents fed and hung
Like bees on mountain flowers
—*L. & C. XI. 19.*
- 853 Lo, that is mine own child, who in the guise
Of madness came, like day to one benighted
In lonesome woods;
—*L. & C. XII. 22.*

- 854 Secure as one on a rock-built tower
O'er the wrecks which the surge trails to and fro,
'Mid the passions wild of human kind
He stood, like a spirit calming them ; —*R. & H.* 632.
- 855 All that others seek
He casts away, like a vile weed
Which the sea casts unreturningly. —*R. & H.* 666.
- 856 Till, like an image in the lake
Which rains disturb, my tears would break
The shadow of that slumber deep ; —*R. & H.* 837.
- 857 but soon his gestures kindled
New power, as by the moving wind
The waves are lifted, —*R. & H.* 1160.
- 858 Perish—let there only be
Floating o'er thy hearthless sea
As the garment of thy sky
Clothes the world immortally,
One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of Time
Which scarce hides thy visage wan ;— —*Eug. Hills*, 167.
- That incestuous pair [*sc.* Sin and Death] who follow
- 859 Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
860 As Repentance follows Crime,
861 And as changes follow Time —*Eug. Hills*, 252.
- 862 Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
Like darkness to a dying flame —*H. I. B.* 4.
- 863 I stood beside your dark and fiery youth
Watching its bold and bad career, as men
Watch meteors, but it vanished not— —*Cenci*, I. i. 49.
- 864 Because I am a priest do you believe
Your image, as the hunter some struck deer,
Follows me not whether I wake or sleep ? —*Cenci*, I. ii. 11.
- 865 I were a fool not less than if a panther
Were panic-stricken by the antelope's eye,
If she escapes me. —*Cenci*, I. ii. 89.
- 866 I see as from a tower, the end of all —*Cenci*, II. ii. 147.
- 867 Consequence, to me,
Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock
But shakes it not. —*Cenci*, IV. iv. 50.
- 868 She, who alone in this unnatural work,
Stands like God's angel ministered upon
By fiends ; —*Cenci*, V. i. 42.
- 869 A word ? which those of this false world
Employ against each other, not themselves ;
As men wear daggers not for self-offence. —*Cenci*, V. i. 99.

- 881
882
883

- 895 And where two runnels of a rivulet,
Between the close moss violet-inwoven,
Have made their path of melody, like sisters
Who part with sighs that they may meet in smiles,
Turning their dear disunion to an isle
Of lovely grief, a wood of sweet sad thoughts ;
Prom. IV. 196.
- 896 A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,
Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass
Flow, as through empty space, music and light ;
Prom. IV. 238.
- 897 and over these
The jagged alligator, and the might
Of earth-convulsing behemoth, which once
Were monarch beasts, and on the slimy shores,
And weed-overgrown continents of earth,
Increased and multiplied like summer worms
On an abandoned corpse,
—Prom. IV. 308.
- 898 How art thou sunk, withdrawn, covered, drunk up
By thirsty nothing, as the brackish cup
Drained by a desert-troop, a little drop for all ;
—Prom. IV. 350.
- 899 Man one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control,
Where all things flow to all, as rivers to the sea ;
—Prom. IV. 400.
- 900 His will,
Is as a tempest-winged ship, whose helm
Love rules, through waves which dare not overwhelm,
Forcing life's wildest shores to own its sovereign sway.
—Prom. IV. 406.
- 901 As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold
A half unfrozen dew-drop, green, and gold,
Thou art folded, thou art lying
In the light which is undying
Of thine own joy, and heaven's smile divine ;
—Prom. IV. 431.
- 902 I, a most enamoured maiden,
 around thee move,
Gazing, an insatiate bride,
On thy form from every side
Like a Menad, round the cup,
Which Agave lifted up
In the weird Cadmean forest
—Prom. IV. 467.
- 903, 904 Drinking from thy sense and sight
Beauty, majesty and might,
As a lover or chameleon
Grows like what it looks upon,
—Prom. IV. 481.

- 905 Thou, Moon, which gazest on the nightly Earth
With wonder, as it gazes upon thee : — *Prom.* IV. 524.
- 906 The flowers . . .
When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, — *Sens.* P. I. 63.
- 907 There was a power in this sweet place,
An Eye in this Eden ; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme. — *Sens.* P. II. 1.
- 908 The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;
And the eddies drove them here and there
As the winds did those of the upper air. — *Sens.* P. III. 42.
- 909 The sap shrank to the root through every pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more — *Sens.* P. III. 88.
- 910 then the cold sleep
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,
O'er the populous vessel. — *Vision of Sea.* 50.
- 911 it rent them in twain,
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag :
— *Vision of Sea.* 111.
- 912 Like a sister and brother
The child and the ocean still smile on each other,
— *Vision of Sea.* 167.
- 913 O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, — *Ode to West W.* I.
- 914 Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is : — *Ode to West W.* V.
- 915 Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
— *Ode to West W.* V.
- 916 The sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings. — *Cloud.* 31.
- 917 palace and pyramid,
Temple and prison, to many a swarming million
Were, as to mountain wolves their ragged caves.
.
- 918 . . . but o'er the populous solitude
Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves
Hung Tyranny ; — *Ode to Lib.* III.

- 919 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
 920 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
 921 Like aught that is which wraps what is to be,
 Art's deathless dream lay veiled by many a vein
 Of Parian stone; —*Ode to Lib.* IV.
- 922 one spirit vast
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,
 As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.
 923 Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
 Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmean Menad,
 She drew the milk of greatness, —*Ode to Lib.* VI., VII.
- 924 O, that the words which make the thoughts obscure
 From which they spring, as clouds of glimmering dew
 From a white lake blot heaven's blue portraiture,
 —*Ode to Lib.* XVI.
- 925 And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
 —*Ode to Lib.* XVII.
- 926 Come, Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
 Of man's deep spirit, as the morning star
 Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
 Wisdom. —*Ode to Lib.* XVIII.
- 927 For prophecies when once they get abroad,
 Like liars who tell the truth to serve their ends,
 928 Or hypocrites who, from assuming virtue,
 Do the same actions that the virtuous do,
 Contrive their own fulfilment. —*(Ed. Tyr. I. 131.)*
- 929 She met me Stranger, upon Life's rough way,
 And lured me towards sweet Death; as Night by Day,
 930, 931 Winter by Spring, or Sorrow by swift Hope,
 Led into light, life, peace. —*Epips.* 72.
- 932 A killing air, which pierced like honey-dew
 Into the core of my green heart, and lay
 Upon its leaves; until, as hair grown grey
 O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime
 With ruins of unseasonable time. —*Epips.* 262.
- 933 She hid me, as the Moon may hide the night
 From its own darkness, until all was bright
 Between the Heaven and Earth of my calm mind,
 934 And, as a cloud charioted by the wind,
 She led me to a cave in that wild place,
 And sat beside me with her downward face
 935 Illumining my slumber, like the Moon
 Waxing and waning o'er Endymion. —*Epips.* 287.
- 936 and the dreaming clay
 Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
 As smoke by fire, —*Epips.* 338.
- 937 And, as those married lights, which from the towers
 Of Heaven look forth and fold the wandering globe
 In liquid sleep and splendour, as a robe;
 And all their many-mingled influence bend

- If equal, yet unlike, to one sweet end ;
 So ye, bright regents, with alternate sway
 Govern my sphere of being night and day ! — *Epips.* 355.
- 938 adoring Even and Morn
 Will worship thee with incense of calm breath
 And lights and shadows ; as the star of Death
 And Birth is worshipped by those sisters wild
 Called Hope and Fear — — *Epips.* 377.
- 939 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the Earth a corpse — — *Adon.* XXIII.
- 940 " Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
 As silent lightning leaves the starless night ! " — *Adon.* XXV.
- 941 And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
 Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand ; — *Adon.* L.
- 942 Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity — *Adon.* LII.
- 943 Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes
 Were as the clear and ever-living brooks
 Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,
 Showing how pure they are : — *Cane, Adon.*
- 944 The winged glory
 On Philippi half-alighted,
 Like an eagle on a promontory. — *Hell.* 56
- 945 As an eagle fed with morning
 Scorns the embattled tempest's warning,
 When she seeks her aerie hanging
 In the mountain-cedar's hair,
 And her brood expect the clanging
 Of her wings through the wild air,
 Sick with famine—Freedom, so
 To what of Greece remaineth now
 Returns ; — *Hell.* 76.
- 946 Thrice has a gloomy vision haunted me,
 It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea,
 Leaving no figure upon memory's glass. — *Hell.* 128
- 947 His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries
 Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct
 With light, and to the soul that quickens them
 Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift
 To the winter wind. — *Hell.* 142.
- 948 For thy sake cursed be the hour
 Even as a father by an evil child. — *Hell.* 264.
- 949 But recreant Austria loves thee as the grave
 Loves Pestilence, — *Hell.* 312.
- 950 Even as that moon
 Renews itself
Mahmud. shall we be not renewed. — *Hell.* 347.

- 951 The abhorred cross glimmered . . .
 . . . and that fatal sign
 Dried with its beams the strength in Moslem hearts,
 As the sun drinks the dew. *Hell*, 501.
- 952 Go,
 Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed
 Persia, as the sand does foam, *Hell*, 687.
- 953 they know not, till the night of death,
 As sunset, that strange vision, severeth
 Our memory from itself, and us from all
 We sought and yet were baffled. —*Julian*, 127.
- 954 "Month after month," he cried, "to bear this load
 And as a jade urged by the whip and goad
 To drag life on *Julian*, 299.
- 955 As the slow shadows of the pointed grass
 Mark the eternal periods, his pangs pass
 Slow, ever-moving. —*Julian*, 416.
- 956 But me, whose heart a stranger's tear might wear
 As water drops the sandy fountain stone, —*Julian*, 442.
- 957 The grave is yawning . . . as its roof shall cover
 My limbs with dust and worms under and over,
 So let Oblivion hide this grief . . . —*Julian*, 506.
- 958 But I imagined, that if day by day
 I studied all the beatings of his heart
 With zeal, as men study some stubborn art
 For their own good, —*Julian*, 568.
- 959 As when day begins to thicken
 None knows a pigeon from a crow
 So good and bad, sane and mad,
 The oppressor and the oppressed :
 All are damned. —*Peter Bell*, III. xxi.
- 960 All things that Peter saw and felt
 Had a peculiar aspect to him ;
 And when they came within the belt
 Of his own nature, seemed to melt,
 Like cloud to cloud, into him. *Peter Bell*, IV. iii.
- 961 And men of learning, science, wit,
 Considered him as you and I
 Think of some rotten tree, and sit
 Lounging and dining under it,
 Exposed to the wide sky. —*Peter Bell*, IV. xx.
- 962 And he made songs for all the land,
 Sweet both to feel and understand,
 As pipkins late to mountain cotter. —*Peter Bell*, V. xii.
- 963 Bohn's translation of Kant's book :
 A world of words, tail foremost, where
 Right-wrong-false-true and foul-and fair,
 As in a lottery wheel are shook. —*Peter Bell*, VI. xiii.

- 964 When we shall be as we no longer are
Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war
Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not ;— *—Letter to M. G. 164.*
- 965 As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
Fills the void, hollow, universal air *—Letter to M. G. 255.*
- 966 Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame—
967 Or on blind Homer's heart a winged thought
In joyous expectation lay the boat. *—Witch, XXXIV.*
- 968 By Moeris and the Mareotid lakes,
Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber floors,
—Witch, LVIII.
- 969 He was so awful, yet
So beautiful in mystery and terror,
Calming me as the loveliness of heaven
Soothes the unquiet sea : *—Fragm. of Drama, 103.*
- 970 As adders cast their skins
And keep their venom, so Kings often change :
—Chas. I. I. 126.
- 971 'Tis but
The anti-masque, and serves as discords do
In sweetest music. *—Chas. I. I. 173.*
- 972 [It seems] now as the baser elements
Had mutinied against the golden sun
That kindles them to harmony, and quells
Their self-destroying rapine. The wild million
973 Strikes at the eye that guides them ; like as humours
Of the distempered body that conspire
Against the spirit of life throned in the heart.
—Chas. I. II. 145.
- 974 Partly 'tis
That our minds piece the vacant intervals
Of his wild words with their own fashioning,
As in the imagery of summer clouds,
975 Or coals of the winter fire, idlers find
The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts :
—Chas. I. II. 465.
- 976 And of this stuff the car's creative ray
Wrought all the busy phantoms that were there,
As the sun shapes the clouds ; *—Triumph, 533.*
- 977 There late was one within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud,
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. *—Sunset, 1.*
- 978 Two flames that each with quivering tongue
Licked its high domes, and overhead
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains, *—Marianne's D. XII.*

- 979 The plank whereon that Lady sate
Was driven through the chasms, about and about
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails —
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.
—*Marianne's D.* XVI.
- 980 By the false cant which on their innocent lips
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
—*To Lord C.* X.
- 981 Beware, O Man—for knowledge must to thee,
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.
—*To the Nile.*
- 982 Let us laugh, and make our mirth,
At the shadows of the earth,
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds
—*To Misery*, XII.
- 983 As sunset to the sphered moon,
984 As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me
—*To Mary*, 12.
- 985 As death to life,
986 As winter to fair flowers, (though some be poison),
So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison —*Marengi*, III.
- 987 that band
Of free and glorious brothers who had planted,
Like a green isle 'mid Ethiopian sand,
A nation amid slaveries.
—*Marengi*, VI.
- 988 O foster-nurse [*sc.* Florence] of man's abandoned glory
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour;
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,
As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender;—
—*Marengi*, VII.
- 989 As the sunrise to the night,
990 As the north wind to the clouds,
991 As the earthquake's fiery flight,
Ruining mountain solitudes,
Everlasting . . . Italy.
Be those hopes and fears on thee
—*To Italy*.
- 992 Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.
—*Areth.*
- 993 Elysian City which to calm enchantest
The mutinous air and sea: they, round thee, even
As sleep round Love, are driven —*Ode to Naples*, 54.
- 994 The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions
Like chaos o'er creation, uncreating. —*Ode to Naples*, 137.
- 995 But, as Syrinx fled Pan, so night flies day,
—*Orph.* 15.
- 996 My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
—*From Arabic*, I.

- 997 As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed : —*Song*, Vol. IV., p. 78,
- 998 As the wood when leaves are shed,
999 As the night when sleep is fled,
1000 As the heart when joy is dead
I am left lone, alone. —*Remembrance*, I.
- 1001 As the fruit is to the tree
May their children ever be. —*Epith.* 31.
- 1002 Then Hope approached . . .
And Fear withdrew, as night when day
Descends upon the orient ray, —*Love*, 37.
- 1003 When, as summer lures the swallow,
Pleasure lures the heart to follow— —*Love*, 47.
- 1004 when Power and Pleasure,
Glor', and science and security,
On Freedom hung like fruit on the green tree, —*Prol. Hell.* 156.
- 1005 Till, as a spirit half arisen
Shatters its charnel, it has rent
In the rapture of its mirth
The thin and painted garment of the earth,
—*Frag.* Vol. IV. p. 102.
- 1006 Its leaves which had outlived the frost, the thaw
Had blighted, like a heart which hatred's eye
Can blast not, but which pity kills : —*Zucca*, VI.
- 1007 As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute : —
—*Lines*, Vol. iv., p. 132, ii.
- 1008 Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high :
Bright reason will mock thee
1009 Like the sun from the wintry sky. —*Lines*, IV.
- 1010 Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake. —*To Jane*, 2.
- 1011 Like one beloved the scene had lent
To the dark water's breast,
Its every leaf and lineament
With more than truth exprest ; —*To Jane, Recoll.* 77.
- 1012 The virtuous man,
Who, great in his humility, as Kings
Are little in their grandeur ; —*Q. M.* III. 150.

- 1013 Thine the tribunal which surpasseth
The show of human justice,
As God surpasses man. —*Q. M. III. 223.*

- 1014 From his cabinet
These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,
Even as the slaves by force or famine driven,
Beneath a vulgar master, to perform
A task of cold and brutal drudgery ; —*Q. M. V. 70.*

• DOUBLE SIMILES.

HOMERIC.

- 1015 As an eagle grasped
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and cloud,
Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
O'er the wide aery wilderness : thus driven
By the bright shadow of that lovely dream,
Beneath the cold glare of the desolate night,
Through tangled swamps, and deep precipitous dells,
Startling with careless step the moonlight snake,
He fled. —*Alast. 227.*

- 1016 For, as fast years flow away,
The smooth brow gathers, and the hair grows thin
And white, and where irradiate dewy eyes
Had shone, gleam stony orbs : — so from his steps
Bright flowers departed, and the beautiful shade
Of the green groves, with all their odorous winds
And musical motions. —*Alast. 533.*

- 1017 Then, like the forests of some pathless mountain,
Which from remotest glens two warring winds
Involve in fire, which not the loosened fountain
Of broadest floods might quench, shall all the kinds
Of evil catch from our uniting minds
The spark which must consume them : — —*L. & C. II. 46.*

- 1018 as whirlpools draw
All wrecks of Ocean to their chasm, the sway
Of thy strong genius, Laon, which foresaw
This hope, compels all spirits to obey, —*L. & C. IV. 15.*

- 1019 all mortal eyes were drawn,
As famished mariners thro' strange seas gone
Gaze on a burning watch-tower, by the light
Of those divinest lineaments— —*L. & C. V. 44.*

- 1027 Each of that multitude alone, and lost
 To sense of outward things, one hope yet knew ;
 As on a foam-girt crag some seaman tost,
 1028 Stares at the rising tide, or like the crew
 Whilst now the ship is splitting thro' and thro' ;
 Each, if the tramp of a far steed was heard,
 Started from sick despair. —*L. d. C. XI. 10.*
- 1029 upon the mutes she smiled ;
 And with her eloquent gestures, and the hues
 Of her quick lips, even as a weary child
 Wins sleep from some fond nurse with its caresses mild.
- She won them, tho' unwilling her to bind
 Near me among the snakes. —*L. d. C. XII. 14, 15.*
- 1030 Two other babes, delightful more
 In my lost soul's abandoned night,
 Than their own country's ships may be
 Sailing towards wrecked mariners,
 Who cling to the rock of a wintry sea. —*R. d. H. 391.*
- 1031 For public hope grew pale and dim
 In an altered time and tide,
 And in its wasting withered him,
 As a summer flower that blows too soon
 Droops in the smile of the waning moon,
 When it scatters through an April night
 The frozen dews of wrinkling blight. —*R. d. H. 692.*
- 1032 Alas ! the unquiet life did tingle
 From mine own heart through every vein,
 Like a captive in dreams of liberty,
 Who beats the walls of his stony cell. —*R. d. H. 1033.*
- 1033 As the ghost of Homer clings
 Round Scamander's wasting springs ;
 1034 As divinest Shakespeare's might
 Fills Avon and the world with light
 Like omniscient power which he
 Imaged 'mid mortality ;
 1035 As the love from Petrarch's urn,
 Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
 A quenchless lamp by which the heart
 Sees things unearthly ;—so thou art
 Mighty spirit—so shall be
 The City that did refuge thee. —*Eng. Hills, 194.*
- 1036 As the Norway woodman quells
 In the depth of piny dells,
 One light flame amid the brakes,
 While the boundless forest shakes,
 And its mighty trunks are torn
 By the fire thus lowly born ;
 The spark beneath his feet is dead,
 He starts to see the flames it fed
 Howling through the darkened sky
 With a myriad tongues victoriously,

- And sinks down in fear : so thou,
O Tyranny, beholdest now
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest : —*Eng. Hills*, 269.
- 1037 'Tis an awful thing
To touch such mischief as I now conceive :
So men sit shivering on the dewy bank,
And try the chill stream with their feet ; once in
How the delighted spirit pants for joy ! —*Cenci*, II. i. 124.
- 1038 In the atmosphere we breathe,
As buds grow red when the snowstorms flee,
From spring gathering up beneath,
Whose mild winds shake the elder brake,
And the wandering herdsmen know
That the white thorn soon will blow :
Wisdom, Justice, Love and Peace,
When they struggle to increase,
1039 Are to us as soft winds be
To shepherd boys, the prophecy
Which begins and ends in thee. —*Prom.* I. 790.
- 1040 Look how the gusty sea of mist is breaking
In crimson foam, even at our feet ! it rises
As Ocean at the enchantment of the moon
Round foodless men wrecked on some oozy isle.
—*Prom.* II. iii. 43.
- 1041 He sunk to the abyss ? to the dark void ?
Apollo. An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud
On Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings
Entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes
Which gazed on the undazzling sun, now blinded
By the white lightning, while the ponderous hail
Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length
Prone, and the aerial ice clings over it. —*Prom.* III. ii. 10.
- 1042 The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),
When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
Shone smiling to heaven, —*Sens.* P. I. 59.
- 1043 The hurricane came from the west, and passed on
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun,
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm ;
As an arrowy serpent, pursuing the form
Of an elephant, bursts through the brakes of the waste.
—*Vision of Sea*, 100.
- 1044 Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light
On the heavy-sounding plain,
When the bolt has pierced its brain ;
My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
Drooped ; —*Ode to Lib.* XIX.

- 1045 The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again;
 So is it in the world of living men:
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night.
 —*Adon. XXIX.*
- 1046 Russia still hovers, as an eagle might
 Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane
 Hang tangled in inextricable fight,
 To stoop upon the victor;
 —*Hell. 307.*
- 1047 From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed,
 Kneading them down with fire and iron rain:
 . . . till, like a field of corn
 Under the hook of the swart sickleman,
 The band, entrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,
 Grew weak and few.
 —*Hell. 380.*
- 1048 Like one who finds
 A fertile island in the barren sea,
 One mariner who has survived his mates
 Many a drear month in a great ship—so he
 With soul sustaining songs, and sweet debate
 Of ancient lore, there fed his lonely being:
 —*Prince Ath. II. i. 9.*
- 1049 Such was Zonoras; and as daylight finds
 One amaranth glittering on the path of frost,
 When autumn nights have nipped all weaker kinds,
 Thus, through his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tost
 Shone truth upon Zonoras;
 —*Prince Ath. II. ii. 1.*
- 1050 'Twas the season when the Earth upsprings
 From slumber, as a spherèd angel's child,
 Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,
 Stands up before its mother bright and mild,
 Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems—
 So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled
 To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,
 The fresh and radiant Earth.
 —*Prince Ath. II. iii. 1.*
- 1051 such seemed the jubilee
 As when to greet some conqueror's advance
 Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea
 From the senate-house, and forum, and theatre,
 —*Triumph, 111.*
- 1052 And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song
 Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees
 And falling drops, moved in a measure new
 Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze
 Up from the lake a shape of golden dew
 Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon
 Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew;
 —*Triumph, 367.*

- 1053 and she, thought by thought,
Trampled its sparks into the dust of death :
As day upon the threshold of the east
Treads out the lamp of night, until the breath
Of darkness re-illumine even the least
Of heaven's living eyes— *—Triumph, 387.*
- 1054 And as the presence of that fairest planet,
Altho' unseen is felt by one who hopes
That his day's path may end as he began it,
In that star's smile, whose light,
.
- 1055 So knew I in that light's severe excess
The presence of that shape which on the stream
Moved as I moved along the wilderness,
More dimly than a day-appearing dream,
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep ;
A light of heaven whose half extinguished beam
Through the sick day in which we wake to weep.
Glimmers for ever sought, for ever lost ;
So did that shape its obscure tenour keep
Beside my path, as silent as a ghost ; *—Triumph, 416.*
- 1056 The earth was grey with phantoms and the air
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers
A flock of vampire bats before the glare
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
Strange night upon some Indian isle ; thus were
Phantoms diffused around, *—Triumph, 482.*
- 1057 But he who gains by base and armed wrong,
Or guilty fraud, or base compliances,
May be despoiled, even as a stolen dress
Is stript from a convicted thief, and he
Left in the nakedness of infamy *—Fragm. Vol. 4, p. 8.*
- 1058 As a poor hunted stag
A moment shudders on the fearful brink
Of a swift stream—the cruel hounds press on
With deafening yell, the arrows glance and wound,
He plunges in ; so Orpheus, seized and torn
By the sharp fangs of an insatiate grief,
Maenad-like waved his lyre in the bright air,
And wildly shrieked ! *—Orph. 46.*
- 1059 It never slackens, and through every change
Wisdom and beauty and the power divine
Of mighty poesy together dwell,
Mingling in sweet accord. As I have seen
A fierce south blast tear through the darkened sky,
Driving along a rack of winged clouds,
Which may not pause, but ever hurry on
As their wild shepherd wills them, while the stars,
Twinkling and dim, peep from between the plumes. *—Orph. 84.*
- 1060 so that the world is bare,
As if a spectre wrapt in shapeless terror
Amid a company of ladies fair
Should glide and glow, till it became a mirror

Of all their beauty, and their hair and hue
The life of their sweet eyes, with all its error,
Should be absorbed, till they to marble grew.

—*Tower of Famine*, 16.

1061 As the world leaps before an earthquake's dawn,
And unprophectic of the coming hours,
The matin winds from the expanded flowers
Scatter their hoarded incense, and awaken
The earth, until the dewy sleep is shaken
From every living heart which it possesses,
Through seas and winds, cities and wildernesses,

So Gherardis' hall
Laughed in the mirth of its lord's festivals,

—Giner, 123.

1062 Thus do the generations of the earth
Go to the grave, and issue from the womb,
Surviving still the imperishable change
That renovates the world : even as the leaves
Which the keen frost-wind of the waning year
Has scattered on the forest soil, and heaped
For many seasons there, though long they choke,
Loading with loathsome rottenness the land,
All germs of promise.

—Q. M. V. 1.

1063 Thus have I stood,—thro' a wild waste of years
Struggling with whirlwinds of mad agony,

With stubborn and unalterable will,
Even as a giant oak, which heaven's fierce flame
Had scathed in the wilderness to stand
A monument of fadeless ruin there ;

—*Q. M.* VII. 254.

HUMAN TO NATURAL.

serenely now
And moveless, as a long-forgotten lyre
Suspended in the solitary dome
Of some mysterious fane,
I wait thy breath, Great Parent

—*Alast.* 41.

1065 and men
Go to their graves like flowers or creeping worms, —*Alast.* 621.

1066 But when Heaven remained
Utterly black, the murky shades involved
An image, silent, cold, and motionless
As their own voiceless earth and vacant air. —*Last.* 659.

—*Alast.* 659.

1067 Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar ;
1068 Thy best light shined on the worst of men ;

1068 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar :
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude. —*To Wordsworth*, 1.

—*To Wordsw.*, 1.

1069 Thus solemnized and softened, death is mild
And terrorless as this serenest night :

—*Summ. Eve. Churchy. 25.*

- 1070 Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Twining like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column —*D. W.* 44.
- 1071 Hard hearts and cold, like weights of icy stone
Which crushed and withered mine, —*Ded. L. & C.* VI.
- 1072 for one then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild,
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory ; —*Ded. L. & C.* XII.
- 1073 thou and I,
Sweet friend ! can look from our tranquillity
Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,
—*Ded. L. & C.* XIV.
- 1074 There was a woman, beautiful as morning,
Sitting beneath the rocks, upon the sand
1075 Of the waste sea, fair as one flower adorning
An icy wilderness— —*L. & C.* I. 16.
- 1076 In the world's youth his empire was as firm
As its foundations— —*L. & C.* I. 31.
- 1077 and they [*sc.* impulses] were dear to memory
Like tokens of the dead —*L. & C.* II. 2.
- 1078 I will arise and waken
The multitude, and like a sulphurous hill,
Which on a sudden from its snows has shaken
The swoon of ages, it shall burst and fill
The world with cleansing fire : —*L. & C.* II. 14.
- 79 As mine own shadow was that child to me, —*L. & C.* II. 24.
- 1080 thus subdued
Like evening shades that o'er the mountain creep,
We moved towards our home ; —*L. & C.* II. 49.
- 1081 Each heart was there a shield, and every tongue
Was as a sword of truth— —*L. & C.* IV. 10.
- 1082 And every bosom thus is rapt and shook,
Like autumn's myriad leaves in one swoln mountain brook.
—*L. & C.* IV. 13.
- 1083 And then my youth fell on me like a wind
Descending on still waters— —*L. & C.* IV. 29.
- 1084 To thy voice their hearts have trembled
Like the thousand clouds which flow
With one wide wind as it flies ! —*L. & C.* V. i.
- 1085 and the stain
Of blood from mortal steel fell o'er the fields like rain
—*L. & C.* VI. 6.

- 1086 in joy I found
Beside me then, firm as a giant pine
Among the mountain vapours driven around,
The old man whom I loved—
—*L. & C. VI. 10.*
- 1087 And there the living in the blood did welter
Of the dead and dying, which in that green glen
Like stifled torrents, made a plashy fen
Under the feet—
—*L. & C. VI. 12.*
- 1088 That friend so mild and good
Who like its shadow near my youth had stood,
Was stabbed !
—*L. & C. VI. 15.*
- 1089 She pressed the white moon on his front with pure
And rose-like lips,
—*L. & C. VI. 26.*
- 1090 Her marble brow, and eager lips, like roses
With their own fragrance pale, which Spring but half uncloses
—*L. & C. VI. 33.*
- 1091 and then I felt the blood that burned
Within her frame, mingle with mine, and fall
Around my heart like fire ;
—*L. & C. VI. 34.*
- 1092 So we sat joyous as the morning ray
Which fed upon the wrecks of night and storm
Now lingering on the winds :
—*L. & C. VII. 1.*
- 1093 while tears pursued
Each other down her fair and listening cheek
Fast as the thoughts which fed them, like a flood
From sunbright dales :
—*L. & C. VII. 2.*
- 1094 Her madness was a beam of light, a power
Which dawned through the rent soul ; and words it gave
Gestures and looks, such as in whirlwinds bore
Which might not be withstood, where none could save
1095 All who approached their sphere, like some calm wave
Vexed into whirlpools by the chasms beneath ;
—*L. & C. VII. 7.*
- 1096 the Æthiop there
Wound his long arms around her, and with knees
Like iron clasped her feet,
—*L. & C. VII. 9.*
- 1097 Ye shall be pure as dew
—*L. & C. VIII. 18.*
- 1098 years have come and gone
Since, like the ship which bears me, I have known
No thought
—*L. & C. VIII. 25.*
- 1099 Strange panic first, a deep and sickening dread
Within each heart, like ice, did sink and dwell,
—*L. & C. X. 16.*
- 1100 Some shrouded in their long and golden hair,
As if not dead, but slumbering quietly
Like forms which sculptors carve, then love to agony.
—*L. & C. X. 23.*

- 1101 That monstrous faith wherewith they ruled mankind,
Fell, like a shaft loosed by the bowman's error,
On their own hearts : —*L. & C.* X. 26.
- 1102 She trembled like one aspen pale
Among the gloomy pines of a Norwegian vale. —*L. & C.* XII. 6.
- 1103 The warm tears burst in spite of faith and fear,
From many a tremulous eye, but like soft dews
Which feed spring's earliest buds, hung gathered there,
Frozen by doubt,— —*L. & C.* XII. 14.
- 1104 I was clammy cold like clay. —*R. & H.* 309.
- 1105 Foul self-contempt, which drowns in sneers
Youth's starlight smile, and makes its tears
First like hot gall, then dry for ever ! —*R. & H.* 479.
- 1106 Many then wept, not tears but gall
Within their hearts, like drops which fall
Wasting the fountain-stone away. —*R. & H.* 721.
- 1107 my hopes were once like fire : —*R. & H.* 764.
- 1108 His motions, like the winds, were free,
Which bend the bright grass gracefully,
Then fade away in circlets faint : —*R. & H.* 795.
- 1109 Yet o'er his talk, and looks, and mien,
Tempering their loveliness too keen,
Past woe its shadow backward threw,
Till like an exhalation, spread
From flowers half drunk with evening dew,
They did become infectious : —*R. & H.* 803.
- 1110 And soon his deep and sunny hair,
In this alone less beautiful,
Like grass in tombs grew wild and rare. —*R. & H.* 821.
- 1111 His breath was like inconstant flame,
As eagerly it went and came ; —*R. & H.* 834.
- 1112 Like flowers, which on each other close
Their languid leaves when daylight's gone,
We lay —*R. & H.* 975.
- 1113 But his [*sc.* life] it seemed already free,
Like the shadow of fire surrounding me ! —*R. & H.* 1037.
- 1114 and they fed
From the same flowers of thought, until each mind
Like springs which mingle in one flood became, —*R. & H.* 1287.
- 1115 Every little living nerve
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough —*Eng. Hills,* 40.

- 1116 And the sickle to the sword
Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
Like a weed whose shade is poison,
Overgrows this region's foison, —*Eng. Hills*, 225.
- 1117 I rarely kill the body, which preserves
Like a strong poison, the soul within my power, —*Cenci*, I. i. 114.
- 1118 So when I wake my blood seems liquid fire ; —*Cenci*, II. ii. 136.
- 1119 My tongue should like a knife tear out the secret
Which cankers my heart's core ; —*Cenci*, III. i. 156.
- 1120 May it be
A hideous likeness of herself, that as
From a distorting mirror, she may see
Her image mixed with what she most abhors,
Smiling upon her from her nursing breast. —*Cenci*, IV. i. 145.
- 1121 I am as universal as the light ;
1122 Free as the earth-surrounding air, as firm
1123 As the world's centre. —*Cenci*, IV. iv. 48.
- 1124 What are a thousand lives ? A parricide
Had trampled them like dust ; —*Cenci*, V. ii. 107.
- 1125 The Pope is stern, not to be moved or bent.
He looked as calm and keen as is the engine
Which tortures and which kills, exempt itself
From aught that it inflicts ; —*Cenci*, V. iv. 1.
- 1126 A pilot asleep on the howling sea
Leaped up from the deck in agony,
And died as mad as the wild waves be —*Prom.* I. 95.
- 1127 When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud
Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy ! —*Prom.* I. 157.
- 1128 Blood like new wine bubbles within ; —*Prom.* I. 575.
- 1129 And like the vapours when the sun sinks down,
Gathering again in drops upon the pines,
And tremulous as they, in the deep night
My being was condensed : —*Prom.* II. i. 83.
- 1130 Such the state
Of the earth's primal spirits beneath his [*sc.* Saturn's] sway
As the calm joy of flowers and living leaves
Before the wind or sun has withered them
And semi-vital worms ; —*Prom.* II. iv. 34.
- 1131 Yet if thou wilt, as 'tis the destiny
Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead,
Put forth thy might —*Prom.* III. i. 59.
- 1132 to me
Shall they [*sc.* human shapes] become like sister antelopes
By one fair dam. —*Prom.* III. iii. 90.

- 1133 hate, disdain, or fear,
Self-love or self-contempt, on human brows,
No more inscribed, as o'er the gate of hell,
"All hope abandon ye who enter here;" — *Prom.* III. iv. 133.
- 1134 A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
As is the world it wasted, — *Prom.* III. iv. 174.
- 1135 A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean — *Sens.* P. II. 5.
- 1136 her child
Is yet smiling, and playing, and murmuring; so smiled
The false deep ere the storm. — *Vision of S.* 165.
- 1137 }
1138 } Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud! — *Ode to W. W.* IV.
1139 }
- 1140 Each heart was as a hell of storms. — *Ode to Lib.* II.
- 1141 Athens diviner yet
Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set; — *Ode to Lib.* V.
- 1142 Tomb of Arminius! render up thy dead,
Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
His soul may stream over the tyrant's head,
— *Ode to Lib.* XIV.
- 1143 and this Kingly paunch
Swell like a sail before a favouring breeze, — *Ed. Tyr.* I. i. 3.
- 1144 and these
Beotian cheeks, like Egypt's pyramid
(Nor with less toil were their foundations laid),
Sustain the cone of my untroubled brain,
That point, the emblem of a pointless nothing
— *Ed. Tyr.* I. i. 6.
- 1145 We—are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar. — *Epips.* 142.
- 1146 Imagination! which from earth and sky,
And from the depths of human phantasy,
As from a thousand prisms and mirrors, fills
The universe with glorious beams, — *Epips.* 164.
- 1147 Her touch was as electric poison, — *Epips.* 259.
- 1148 But now thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew; — *Adon.* VI.
- 1149 See on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain. — *Adon.* X.

- 1150 Midst others of less note came one frail Form,
A phantom among men ; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell ; —*Adon*. XXXI.
- 1151 Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose. —*Hell*. 195.
- 1152 Time has found ye light as foam. —*Hell*. 442.
- 1153 And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.
—*Death of Nap*. 24.
- 1154 Through the black bars in the tempestuous air
I saw, like weeds on a wrecked palace growing,
Long tangled locks flang wildly forth and flowing —*Julian*, 223.
- 1155 though his lips did seem
Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods ;
—*Prince Ath*. I. 63.
- 1156 But we yet stand
 In a lone land,
 Like tombs to mark the memory
 Of hopes and fears, —*Lines*, II.
- 1157 Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are ; —*Stanzas near Naples*.
- 1158 'tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs as in a cell —*Mask*, XL.
- 1159 Blood is on the grass like dew. —*Mask*, XLVII.
- 1160 What if English toil and blood
Was poured forth even as a flood ? —*Mask*, LX.
- 1161 Stand ye calm and resolute,
Like a forest close and mute, —*Mask*, LXXIX.
- 1162 he who was
Like the shadow in the glass
Of the second. —*Prol. Peter B*. 13.
- 1163 He had as much imagination
As a pint-pot ;— —*Peter B*. IV. viii.
- 1164 For language was in Peter's hand
Like clay, —*Peter B*. V. xv.
- 1165 Is it my genius like the moon
Sets those who stand her face inspecting
- 1166 Like a crazed bell-chime, out of tune ? —*Peter B*. VI. x.
- 1167 The language of a land which now is free,
And winged with thoughts of truth and majesty
Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud.
—*Letter to M. G*. 176.

- 1168 till men should live and move
Harmonious as the sacred stars above. — *Witch*, XVIII.
- 1169 two lovers linked innocently
In their loose locks which over both did creep
Like ivy from one stem ;— — *Witch*, LXI.
- 1170 And I wander and wane like the weary moon,
— *Fragm. of Drama*, 4.
- 1171 He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
1172 As terrible and lovely as a tempest ; — *Fragm. of Drama*, 57.
- 1173 And weeps like a soft cloud in April's bosom
Upon the sleeping eyelids of the plant
— *Fragm. of Drama*, 188.
- 1174 But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold
Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night. — *Triumph*, 21.
- 1175 And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape
Was bent — *Triumph*, 91.
- 1176 Till like two clouds into one vale impelled
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle
And die in rain—the fiery band which held
Their natures, snaps—while the shock still may tingle
— *Triumph*, 155.
- 1177 till like a willow,
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream — *Triumph*, 364.
- 1178 And as a shut lily stricken by the wand
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,
I rose ; — *Triumph*, 401.
- 1179 and others made
Circles around it, like the clouds that swim
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air ; — *Triumph*, 453.
- 1180 For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,
The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers— — *Triumph*, 477.
- 1181 and long before the day
Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died ; — *Triumph*, 537.
- 1182 Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean. — *M.'s Dream*, XXI.
- 1183 My heart is quivering like a flame ;
1184 As morning dew that in the sunbeam dies
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies. — *Const.* III.
- 1185 And thy tears upon my head
Burn like points of frozen lead. — *To Misery*, VIII.
- 1186 Clasp me till our hearts be grown
Like two shadows into one ; — *To Misery*, X.

- 1187 Her sons are as stones in the way. —*Lines*, II.
- 1188 An army, which liberticide and prey
Makes as a two-edged sword to all who wield —*Sonnet on Eng.*
- 1189 As dew beneath the wind of morning,
1190 As the sea which whirlwinds waken,
Is my heart when thine is near. —*Sophia*, IV.
- 1191 Their caresses were like the chaff
In the tempest, —*Incantation*.
- 1192 One sung of thee who left the tale untold,
Like the false dawns which perish in the bursting,
1193 Like empty cups of wrought and daedal gold,
Which mock the lips with air, when they are thirsting
—*Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 19.
- 1194 And from its head as from one body grow,
As grass out of a watery rock,
Hairs which are vipers. —*Medusa*, IV.
- 1195 And so they grew together like two flowers
Upon one stem, which the same beams and showers
Lull or awaken in their purple prime.
Which the same hand will gather—the same clime
Shake with decay —*Fiord*, 15.
- 1196 But thou art as a planet, sphered above : —*Fiord*, 26.
- 1197 That withered woman, grey and white and brown --
More like a trunk by lichens overgrown
Than anything which once could have been human. —*Fiord*, 56.
- 1198 In my own heart I saw as in a glass
The hearts of others — —*Hope*.
- 1199 In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade. —*To Emilia*.
- 1200 So that as if a frozen torrent
The blood was curdled in its current ; —*Love*, 24.
- 1201 Like a herbless plain, for the gentle rain
I gasp, I faint, till they wake again. —*Music*, I.
- 1202 When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
1203 Like an unseen star of birth,
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
And now, alas, the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
- 1204 In a body like a grave— —*With a Guitar*, 23.

- 1205 Then like a useless and outworn machine
Rots, perishes and passes. —*Q. M. I. 155.*
- 1206 Man like these passive things
Thy will unconsciously fulfilleth :
- 1207 Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
Which time is fast maturing.
Will swiftly, surely come : —*Q. M. III. 233.*

HUMAN TO HUMAN.

- 1208 My powers revived within me, and I went
As one whom winds waft o'er the bending grass,
Through many a vale of that broad continent
—*L. & C. IV. 33.*
- 1209 I stood, as drifted on some cataract
By irresistible streams, some wretch might strive
Who hears its fateful roar : —*L. & C. VI. 6.*
- 1210 For with strong speech I tore the veil that hid
Nature, and Truth, and Liberty, and Love—
As one who from some mountain's pyramid
Points to the unrisen sun. —*L. & C. IX. 7.*
- 1211 I am as one lost in a midnight wood,
Who dares not ask some harmless passenger
The path across the wilderness, lest he
As my thoughts are, should be a murderer. —*Cenci, II. ii. 93.*
- 1212 Till, like one in slumber bound,
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around
Into a sea profound, of ever-spreading sound
—*Prom. II. v. 82.*
- 1213 all my being
Like him whom the Numidian seps did thaw
Into a dew with poison, is dissolved —*Prom. III. i. 39.*
- 1214 And then as one
Whose sleeping face is stricken by the sun
With light like a harsh voice, which bids him rise
—*Giner. 38.*

HUMAN TO ANIMAL (OR REVERSE).

- 1215 Two mighty Spirits now return,
Like birds of calm, from the world's raging sea,
—*L. & C. I. 58.*
- 1216 fear with lust
Strange fellowship through mutual hate had tied,
Like two dark serpents tangled in the dust,
Which on the paths of men their mingling poison thrust.
—*L. & C. II. 4.*

- 1217 Cythna then
and through the paths of men
Will pass, as the charmed bird that haunts the serpent's den
— *L. & C. II. 46.*
- 1218 Thirst raged within me, like a scorpion's nest
Built in my entrails :
— *L. & C. III. 21.*
- 1219 The tyrant's guards resistance yet maintain :
Fearless and fierce, and hard as beasts of blood,
— *L. & C. IV. 26.*
- 1220 Those sanguine slaves,
Like rabid snakes, that sting some gentle child
Who brings them food, when winter false and fair
Allures them forth with its cold smiles, so wild
They rage among the camp :
— *L. & C. V. 6,*
- 1221 But he (*sc.* the sceptred wretch)
Glared on me as a toothless snake might glare
— *L. & C. V. 25.*
- 1222 Sorrow and shame, to see with their own kind
Our human brethren mix, like beasts of blood
To mutual ruin armed—
— *L. & C. VI. 15.*
- 1223 And impotent their tongues they lolled into the air
Flaccid and foamy, like a mad dog's hanging,
— *L. & C. VI. 16, 17.*
- 1224 as a friend whose smile
Like light and rest at morn and even is sought,
That wild bird was to me,
— *L. & C. VII. 14.*
- 1225 obediently they came,
Like sheep whom from the fold the shepherd brings
To the stall, red with blood ;
— *L. & C. X. 5.*
- 1226 and swore
1227 Like wolves and serpents, to their mutual wars
Strange truce,
— *L. & C. X. 7.*
- 1228 All night, the lean hyænas their sad case
Like starving infants wailed
— *L. & C. X. 15.*
- 1229 See ! See ! they fawn
Like dogs, and they will sleep with luxury spent.
When those detested hearts their iron fangs have rent !
— *L. & C. X. 37.*
- 1230 and with an inward fear possess,
They raged like homeless beasts whom burning woods invest
— *L. & C. X. 40.*
- 1231 So she scourged forth the maniac multitude
To rear this pyramid—tottering and slow,
Plague-stricken, foodless, like lean herds pursued
By gad-flies, they have piled the heath, and gums, and wood
— *L. & C. X. 42.*

- 1232 each girl by the hot atmosphere
Of his blind agony, like a scorpion stung
By his own rage upon his burning bier
Of circling coals of fire ; —*L. & C.* XI. 8.
- 1233 When, like twin vultures, they hung feeding
On each heart's wound, —*R. & H.* 932.
- 1234 I looked, and knew that he was dead,
And fell, as the eagle on the plain
Falls when life deserts her brain, —*R. & H.* 1183.
- 1235 Those who alone thy towers behold
Quivering through aerial gold

Would imagine not they were
Sepulchres, where human forms
Like pollution-nourished worms
To the corpse of greatness cling,
Murdered, and now mouldering : —*Eng. Hills*, 142.
- 1236 And we are left, as scorpions ringed with fire.—*Cenci*, II. ii. 70.
- 1237 I know two dull, fierce outlaws
Who think man's spirit as a worm's, —*Cenci*, III. i. 233.
- 1238 What ! can the everlasting elements
Feel with a worm, like man ? —*Cenci*, III. ii. 2.
- 1239 Heaven, rain upon her head
The blistering drops of the Maremm's dew,
Till she be speckled like a toad ; —*Cenci*, IV. i. 130.
- 1240 Until the subject of a tyrant's will
Became, worse fate, the abject of his own,
Which spurred him, like an outspent horse, to death.
—*Prom.* III. iv. 139.
- 1241 And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-clothes unbound
And were glutted like Jews with this manna rained down
From God on their wilderness, —*Vision of Sea*, 56.
- 1242 Chameleons feed on light and air ;
Poet's food is love and fame ;
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a day ? —*Exhortation*, 1.
- 1243 Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea, —*Exhortation*, 10.
- 1244 an antelope
In the suspended impulse of its lightness
Were less aetherially light. —*Epips.* 75.

- 1245 And towards the loadstar of my one desire
I flitted, like a dizzy moth, — *Epips.* 219.
- 1246 Then as a hunted deer that could not flee,
I turned upon my thoughts, and stood at bay,
Wounded and weak and panting, — *Epips.* 272.
- 1247 My muse has lost her wings,
Or like a dying swan who soars and sings,
I should describe you in heroic style, — *Cauc. Epips.* 84.
- 1248 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
1249 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest
As Albion wails for thee, — *Adon.* XVII.
- 1250 A pardlike spirit beautiful and swift — *Adon.* XXXII.
- 1251 And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt — as now.
— *Adon.* XXXVII.
- 1252 In the great morning of the world,
The Spirit of God unfurled
The Flag of Freedom over Chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frightened from Imaus,
Before an earthquake's tread. — *Hell.* 46.
- 1253 Nor at thy bidding less exultingly
Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,
The Anarchies of Africa unleash
Their tempest-winged cities of the sea, — *Hell.* 297.
- 1254 And the inheritors of the earth, like beasts
When earthquake is unleashed, with idiot fear
Cower in their dens — *Hell.* 356.
- 1255 The vultures and the dogs, your pensioners tame,
Are overgorged; but, like oppressors, still
They crave the relic of Destruction's feast. — *Hell.* 427.
- 1256 Repulse is on the waters!
They own no more the thunder-bearing banner
Of Mahmud; but like hounds of a base breed,
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master.
— *Hell.* 466.
- They [*sc.* vultures]
Stooped through the sulphurous battle-smoke, and perched
Each on the weltering carcass that we loved
1257, 1258 Like its ill angel or its damned soul, — *Hell.* 517.
- 1259 The Greeks
Are as a brood of lions in the net
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth
Stand smiling. — *Hell.* 931.
- 1260 And as a jade urged by the whip and goad
To drag life on, — *Julian.* 301.

- 1261 Nay, was it I who wooed thee to this breast
Which, like a serpent thou envenomest
As in repayment of the warmth it lent ? —*Julian*, 398.
- 1262 Even the instinctive worm on which we tread
Turns, tho' it wound not, then with prostrate head
Sinks in the dust and writhes like me. —*Julian*, 412.
- 1263 Men of England, heirs of glory
Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number, —*Mask*, XXXVII., XXXVIII.
- 1264 There are mincing women, mewing,
Like cats, who *amant misere*
Of their own virtue, —*Peter B.* III. viii.
- 1265 Each pursues what seems most fair,
Mining like moles, through mind, and there
Scoop palace-caverns vast, —*Peter B.* III. xxiii.
- 1266 A toad-like lump of limb and feature, —*Peter B.* IV. xvi.
- 1267 And so his soul would not be gay,
But moaned within him, like a fawn
Moaning within a cave, —*Peter B.* VI. xxx.
- 1268 And the wood-gods in a crew
Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick
Cicade are, drunk with the noon-day dew : —*Witch*, VIII.
- 1269 like a sexless bee
Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none, —*Witch*, LXVIII.
- 1270 He lives in his own world, and like a parrot
Hung in his golden prison from the window
Of the queen's bower over the public way,
Blasphemes with a bird's mind : —*Chas. I.* II. 102.
- 1271 The slave of thine own slaves who tear like curs
The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer ; —*Chas. I.* II. 123.
- 1272 To which the eagle spirits of the free
Like eaglets floating in the heaven of time,
They soar above their quarry, and shall stoop
Through palaces and temples thunder-proof —*Chas. I.* IV. 51.
- 1273 but as soon
As they had touched the world with living flame,
Fled back like eagles to their native noon, —*Triumph*, 129.
- 1274 Maidens and youths flung their wild arms in air
As their feet twinkle ; they recede, and now
Bending within each other's atmosphere,
Kindle invisibly—and as they glow
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,
Off to their bright destruction come and go, —*Triumph*, 149.
- 1275 Amid the mountains like a hunted beast
He hid himself, —*Marengi*, XIII.

- 1276 Rulers who neither see nor feel nor know
But leech-like to their fainting country cling, —*Sonnet*, 4.
- 1277 As from an ancestral oak
Two empty ravens sound their clarion
Yell by yell and croak by croak
When they scent the noon-day smoke
Of fresh human carrion :—
- 1278 As two gibbering night-birds flit
From their bowers of deadly yew
Through the night to frighten it,
When the moon is in a fit,
And the stars are none or few :—
- 1279 As a shark and dog-fish wait
Under an Atlantic isle,
For the negro-ship, whose freight
Is the theme of their debate,
Wrinkling their red gills the while—
Are ye, two vultures sick for battle,
—*Similes*, Vol. 4, p. 6.
- 1280 As the birds at thunder's warning
Is my heart when thine is near it. —*Sophia*.
- 1281 Her form was like a snake's—wrinkled and loose
And withered. —*Fragm.*
- 1282 Like a blood-hound well-beaten,
The bridegroom stands, —*Fugitive*, IV.
- 1283 The fair hand that wounded it,
Seeking, like a panting hare,
Refuge in the lynx's lair, —*Love*, etc.
- 1284 and soon the priests arrived,
And finding death their penitent had shrived,
Returned like ravens from a corpse whereon
A vulture had just feasted to the bone. —*Ginev.* 191.
- 1285 The mind, which like a worm whose life may share
A portion of the unapproachable
Marks your creation's rise. —*To Byron*.
- 1286 custom's force has made
His nature as the nature of a lamb. —*Q. M.* VIII. 27.

HUMAN BEINGS OR ATTRIBUTES TO PERSONIFIED ABSTRACTIONS
(SPIRITS, SHAPES, ETC.)

- 1287 Nature's most secret steps
He like his shadow has pursued, —*Alast.* 81.
- 1288 A Form most like the imagined habitant
Of silver exhalations sprung from dawn,
By winds which feed on sunrise woven, —*L. & C.* V. 44.

- 1289 A liquid element, whereon
 Our Spirits, like delighted things
 That walk the air on subtle wings,
 Floated and mingled far away,
 'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day. —*R. & H.* 963.

NATURAL PHENOMENA TO NATURAL.

- He wandered on
 1290 Till vast Aornos seen from Petra's steep
 Hung o'er the low horizon like a cloud : —*Alast.* 239.
- 1291 Spirit of Nature ! thou
 Imperishable as this glorious scene,
 Here is thy fitting temple. —*D. W.* 186.
- Its home
 1292 The voiceless lightning in these solitudes
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
 Over the snow. —*Mont. B.* 136.
- 1293 For, from the encounter of those wondrous foes,
 A vapour like the sea's suspended spray
 Hung gathered : —*L. & C. I.* 11.
- 1294 A boat of rare device, which has no sail
 But its own curved prow of thin moonstone,
 Wrought like a web of texture fine and frail,
 To catch those gentlest winds —*L. & C. I.* 23.
- 1295 This vital world, this home of happy spirits
 Was as a dungeon to my blasted kind, —*L. & C. II.* 6.
- 1296 The islands and the mountains in the day,
 Like clouds reposed afar, —*L. & C. III.* 15.
- 1297 a whirlwind keen as frost —*L. & C. III.* 26.
- 1298 I led him forth from that which now might seem
 A gorgeous grave ; —*L. & C. V.* 26.
- 1299 To see like some vast island from the ocean,
 The Altar of the Federation rear
 Its pile in the midst ; —*L. & C. V.* 40.
- 1300 Then : "Away ! away !" she cried, and stretched her sword
 As 'twere a scourge over the courser's head, —*L. & C. VI.* 21.
- that spacious cell
 1301 Like an upathric temple wide and high,
 Whose æry dome is inaccessible, —*L. & C. VII.* 12.
- and on such bright floor did stand
 1302 Columns, and shapes like statues, —*L. & C. VII.* 13.
- 1303 The misery of a madness slow and creeping,
 1304 Which made the earth seem fire, the sea seem air,
 —*L. & C. VII.* 15.

- And I became at last even as a shade,
A smoke, a cloud on which the winds have preyed,
1305 Till it be thin as air; —*L. d' C.* VII. 26.
- Thither still the myriads came,
1306 Seeking to quench the agony of the flame,
Which raged like poison through their bursting veins :
—*L. d' C.* X. 21.
- 1307 Steady and swift, where the waves rolled like mountains
Within the vast ravine, whose rifts did pour
Tumultuous floods from their ten thousand fountains,
The thunder of whose earth-uplifting roar
Made the air sweep in whirlwinds from the shore,
1308 Calm as a shade, the boat of that fair child
Securely fled, — *L. d' C.* XII. 39.
- 1309 And in the midst, afar, even like a sphere
Hung in one hollow sky, did there appear
The Temple of the Spirit ; on the sound
Which issued thence, drawn nearer and more near,
1310 Like the swift moon this glorious earth around,
The charmed boat approached, and there its haven found.
—*L. d' C.* XII. 41.
- 1311 O'er which the columned wood did frame
A roofless temple, like the fane
Where, ere new creeds could faith obtain,
Man's early race once knelt beneath
The overhanging deity. —*R. d' H.* 107.
- 1312 The next Spring shows leaves pale and rare
But like flowers delicate and fair
On its rent boughs —*R. d' H.* 789.
- 1313 And weeds like branching chrysolite, —*R. d' H.* 1083.
- 1314 Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly. —*Eng. Hills*, 12^c.
- 1315 Oh, thou bright wine . . .
Could I believe thou wert their mingled blood,
Then would I taste thee like a sacrament —*Cenci*, I. iii. 77.
- 1316 Thou knowest
This cell seems like a kind of paradise
After our father's presence. —*Cenci*, V. iii. 10.
- 1317 Brother, lie down with me upon the rack,
It soon will be as soft as any grave —*Cenci*, V. iii. 48.
- 1318 and mighty realms
Float by my feet, like sea-uprooted isles, —*Prom.* I. 612.
- 1319 Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff —*Prom.* I. 716.

- 1320 Henceforth the fields of heaven-reflecting sea
Which are my realm, will heave, unstained with blood,
Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains of corn
Swayed by the summer air, —*Prom.* III. ii. 18.
- 1321 Behold the Nereids under the green sea,
Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-like stream,
—*Prom.* III. ii. 44.
- 1322 The dew-mists of my sunless sleep shall float
Under the stars like balm ; —*Prom.* III. iii. 100.
- 1323 The image of a temple, built above,
Distinct with column, arch, and architrave,
And palm-like capital —*Prom.* III. iii. 161.
- 1324 and in the deep there lay
Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky ; —*Prom.* III. iv. 82.
- 1325 I see a chariot like that thinnest boat,
In which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her western cave,
When she upsprings from interlunar dreams,
1326 O'er which is curved an orb-like canopy
Of gentle darkness, and the hills and woods
Distinctly seen through that dusk airy veil,
1327 Regard like shapes in an enchanted glass ; —*Prom.* IV. 206.
- 1328 A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,
Solid as crystal, —*Prom.* IV. 238.
- 1329 Until each crag-like tower, —*Prom.* IV. 344.
- 1330 My sea-like forests —*Prom.* IV. 347.
- 1331 And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light —*Sens.* P. I. 3.
- 1332 And the wand-like lily —*Sens.* P. I. 33.
- 1333 And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels, —*Sens.* P. I. 49.
- 1334 The quivering vapours of dim noon-tide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide, —*Sens.* P. I. 90.
- 1335 And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ; —*Sens.* P. III. 62.
- 1336 Their moss rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake,
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infesting the winds that wander by. —*Sens.* P. III. 66.
- 1337 And at its outlet, flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up, —*Sens.* P. III. 72.
- 1338 And when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin
And bend as if Heaven was ruining in, —*Vis. of Sea*, 4.

- 1339 The great ship seems splitting, it cracks as a tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root. — *Vis. of Sea*, 26.
- 1340 One deck is burst up from the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O'er the lakes of the desert — *Vis. of Sea*, 35.
- the screaming blast,
1341 Between ocean and heaven, like an ocean, past. — *Vis. of Sea*, 105.
- 1342 Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the world
Which, based on the sea and to heaven upheaved,
Like columns and walls, did surround and sustain
The dome of the tempest; it rent them in twain,
As a flood rends its barriers of mountainous crag;
And the dense clouds in many a ruin and ray,
1343 Like the stones of a temple ere earthquake has past,
1344 Like the dust of its fall, on the whirlwind are cast;
— *Vis. of Sea*, 107.
- 1345 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor. — *Cloud*, 51.
- 1346 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen thro' me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these— — *Cloud*, 53.
- 1347 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
- 1348 Sunbeam-proof I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be. — *Cloud*, 63.
- 1349 And cloud-like mountains, — *Ode to Lib.* IV.
- And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
1350 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
Arose in sacred Italy, — *Ode to Lib.* IX.
- Her petticoats streaming
Streaming like—like—like
Anything.
- Purganax.* Oh, no,
1351 But like a standard of an Admiral's ship,
1352 Or like the banner of a conquering host,
1353 Or water-fall from a dizzy precipice
Scattered upon the wind, — *Ed. Tyr.* II. 95.
- to whom this world of life
1354 Is as a garden ravaged — *Epips.* 186.
- 1355 When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere
A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre,
As if it were a lamp of earthly flame. — *Epips.* 222.
- 1356 It would have followed, tho' the grave between
Yawned like a gulph whose spectres are unseen: — *Epips.* 230.
- 1357 It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise, — *Epips.* 422.

- 1358 And level with the living winds, which flow
Like waves above the living waves below. —*Epips.* 517.
- 1359 A veil for our seclusion, close as night, —*Epips.* 556.
- 1360 Of life which flows like a . . . dream
Into the light of morning, to the grave
As to an ocean. —*Cauc. Epips.* 151.
- 1361 Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem ; —*Adon.* XI.
Go thou to Rome—
- 1362 And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
Adon. XLIX.
and lofty ships even now
- 1363 Like vapours anchored to a mountain's edge,
Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala
The convoy of the ever-veering wind. —*Hell.* 283.
- 1364 The fleet which, like a flock of clouds
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner. —*Hell.* 460.
- Crete and Cyprus,
- 1365 Like mountain twins, that from each other's veins
Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake spasm,
Shake in the general fever. —*Hell.* 587.
- A chasm
- 1366 As of two mountains in the wall of Stamboul ; —*Hell.* 830.
- 1367 Between kingless continents sinless as Eden —*Hell.* 1047.
- 1368 It [*sc.* earth] was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uprolled, —*Death of Napoleon.*
- 1369 Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbour-piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles— —*Julian,* 77.
- 1370 I leaned and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles in evening's gleam
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven —*Julian,* 89.
- 1371 On its helm, seen far away
A planet, like the Morning's lay ; —*Mask,* XXVI.
- 1372 Men of England, heirs of Glory,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you, —*Mask,* XXXVIII.
- 1373 A cloud, with lightning, wind and hail,
It swept over the mountains like
An ocean, —*Peter Bell,* I. xii.

- 1374 And worse and worse, the drowsy curse
Yawned in him, till it grew a pest -
A wide contagious atmosphere,
Creeping like cold through all things near ;
—*Peter Bell*, VII. xvii.
- 1375 woven tracery ran
Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er
The solid rind, like a leaf's veined fan—
—*Witch*, XXXIII.
- 1376 Where like a meadow which no scythe has shaven ;
Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake,
With the Antarctic constellations paven,
Canopus and his crew, lay the Austral lake—
—*Witch*, XLVIII.
- 1377 this haven
Was as a gem to copy heaven engraven. —*Witch*, L.
- 1378 And where within the surface of the river
The shadows of the massy temples lie,
And never are erased—but tremble ever
Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
—*Witch*, LIX.
- 1379 And as a veil in which I walk through Heaven
I have wrought mountains, seas, and waves, and clouds,
And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
In the dark space of interstellar air. —*Unfin. Drama*, 24.
- 1380 A soft hand issued from the veil of fire.
Holding a cup like a Magnolia flower,
And poured upon the earth within the vase
The element with which it overflowed,
Brighter than morning light, and purer than
The waters of the springs of Himalah. —*Unfin. Drama*, 145.
- 1381 And thus it [*sc.* the fruit] lay in the Elysian calm
Of its own beauty, floating on the line
Which, like a film in purest space, divided
The heaven beneath the waters from the heaven
Above the clouds ; —*Unfin. Drama*, 228.
- See those thronging chariots
Rolling, like painted clouds before the wind,
Behind their solemn steeds : how some are shaped
- 1382 Like curved shells dyed by the azure depths
- 1383 Of Indian seas : some like the new-born moon,
- 1384 And some like cars in which the Romans climbed
(Canopied by Victory's eagle wings outspread)
The Capitoline. —*Chas. I. I.* 136.
- 1385 This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,
Repelling invasion from the sacred towers,
Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,
A low dark roof, a damp and narrow wall. —*Chas. I. IV.* 41.

- 1386 Isle, ocean and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the Sun their father rose to bear
Their portion of the toil which he of old
Took as his own, and then imposed on them. —*Triumph*, 16.
- 1387 And from it came a gentle rivulet,
Whose water like clear air, in its calm sweep
Bent the soft grass, and kept forever wet
The stems of the sweet flowers, —*Triumph*, 314.
yet contagion there
- 1388 Spread like a quenchless fire ; —*D. W.* II. 129.
- 1389 the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding through hills in solitude, —*Marianne's D.* XXI.
- 1390 And their swords and their sceptres ^{floating see,}
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity. —*Wm. Shelley*, IV.
- They spread themselves into the loveliness
- 1391 Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
- 1392 Hang like moist clouds :—or where high branches kiss,
Make a green space among the silent bowers
- 1393 Like a vast fane in a metropolis. —*Woodman*, 52.
- 1394 Surrounded by the columns and the towers
All overwrought with branch-like traceries, —*Woodman*, 57.
- 1395 which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick ; —*Summer and Winter*, 13.
- 1396 The wreaths of stony myrtle, ivy, and pine,
Like winter leaves o'ergrown by moulded snow, —*To Naples*, 17.
- 1397 And where the Baian ocean
Welters with air-like motion,
Within, above, around its bowers of starry green,
Moving the sea flowers in those purple caves
Even as the ever stormless atmosphere
Floats o'er the Elysian realm, —*To Naples*, 26.
- 1398 thy shield is as a mirror
To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer ; —*To Naples*, 78.
- 1399 The Earth is like Ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion : —*Fugitives*, I.
- 1400 While around the lashed Ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro. —*Fugitives*, III.
- 1401 Nourishing each tender gem
Which like flowers will burst from them. —*Epith.* 29.

- 1402 Through desert woods and tracts, which seem
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.
—*Fragm. Wandering.*
- 1403 The chasm in which the sun has sunk is shut
By darkest barriers of cinereous cloud,
Like mountains over mountains huddled— —*Evening, IV.*
- 1404 Which the circumfluous plain waving below,
Like a wide lake of green fertility,
With streams and fields and marshes bare,
Divides from the far Apennines—which lie
Islanded in the immeasurable air. —*Serchio, 41.*
- 1405 and its flowers fair,
Full as a cup with the vine's burning dew,
O'erflowed with golden colours. —*Zucca, IX.*
- 1406 Now all the tree tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be. —*To June Recoll. III.*
- 1407 I sat and saw the vessels glide
Over the ocean bright and wide,
Like spirit-winged chariots sent
O'er some serenest element
For ministration strange and far;
As if to some Elysian star
Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine. —*Lines in Bay of L. 31.*
- 1408 Till from the breathing lawn a forest springs
Of youth, integrity, and loveliness,
Like that which gave it life, to spring and die. —*Q. M. V. 13.*

NATURAL TO HUMAN BEINGS—HUMAN ATTRIBUTES—NATURAL
PHENOMENA TO MENTAL PHENOMENA—SPIRITS, ETC.

- 1409 Now on the polished stones
It [*sc. rivulet*] danced, like childhood laughing as it went
—*Alast. 498.*
- 1410 Watch the dim shades as like ghosts they come and go
—*Stanzas 1814, 11.*
- 1411 Calm as a slumbering babe
Tremendous ocean lay. —*D. W. I. 134.*
- 1412 and there the sea I found
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound
—*L. & C. I. xv.*
- 1413 The Morning Star
Shone
'Twas like an eye which seemed to smile on me
—*L. & C. I. xl.*

- 1414 Sculptures like life and thought ; immovable, deep-eyed.
—*L. & C.* I. li.
- 1415 what was this cave ?
Its deep foundations no firm purpose knows
Immutable, resistless, strong to save,
Like mind while yet it mocks the all-devouring grave
—*L. & C.* VII. xxviii.
- 1416 Oh, thou bright wine whose purple splendour leaps
And bubbles gaily in this golden bowl
Under the lamplight, as my spirits do, —*Cenci*, I. iii. 77.
- 1417 beneath this crag
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns. —*Cenci*, III. i. 255.
- 1418 Thou small flame
Which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,
Still flickerest up and down, —*Cenci*, III. ii. 11.
- 1419 the vain and senseless crowd,
Who, will leave
The churches and the theatres as void
As their own hearts ? —*Cenci*, V. iii. 36.
- 1420 made earth like heaven ; —*Prom.* III. iv. 160.
- 1421 and water springs
Whence the great sea, even as a child, is fed —*Prom.* IV. 284.
- 1422 And the Naiad-like lily of the vale —*Sens. Plant*, I. 21.
- 1423 And the rose like a Nymph to the bath addressed,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare : —*Sens. Plant*, I. 29.
- 1424 The unseen clouds of the dew ; which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears :
—*Sens. Plant*, I. 86.
- 1425 Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear. —*Sens. Plant*, I. 94.
- 1426 The garden, once fair, became cold and foul.
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul.
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 17.
- 1427 And the leaves
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past ;
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 34.
- 1428 And agaries and fungi
Pale, fleshly, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 62.

- 1429 The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
Wept, —*Sens. Plant*, III. 82.
- 1430 But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks and darnels
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels,
—*Sens. Plant*, III. 116.
- 1431 Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Now felt this change, I cannot say. —*Sens. Plant, Concl.* I.
- 1432 The heavy dead hulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to fold
Its corruption around it. —*Vision of Sea*, 31.
- 1433 Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
—*West Wind*, I.
- 1434 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
1435 I arise and unbuild it again —*Cloud*, 83.
- 1436 the odours deep
Of flowers, which like lips murmuring in their sleep
Of the sweet kisses that had lulled them there,
Breathed but of her to the enamoured air ; —*Epips.* 202.
- 1437 Let the fixed bayonet
Gleam with sharp desire to wet
Its bright point in English blood
Looking keen as one for food. —*Mask*, LXXVII.
- 1438 like children children
At her command they [*sc.* billows] ever came and went —
—*Witch*, IV.
- 1439 Couched on the fountain like . . .
Or on blind Homer's heart a winged thought,
In joyous expectation lay the boat —*Witch*, XXXIV.
- 1440 till the car
Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,
To journey from the misty east began. —*Witch*, LI.
- 1441 the wave
Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore
To meet the kisses of the flowrets there. —*D. W.* II. 109.
- 1442 The works of faith and slavery, so vast,
So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing !
Even as the corpse that rests beneath their wall. —*D. W.* II. 314.
- 1443 and earth,
Even as a child beneath its mother's love
Is strengthened in all excellence, and grows
Fairer and nobler with each passing year. —*D. W.* II. 326.

- 1444 and that tall flower that wets
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.
—*Question*, II.

- 1445 And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky east,
—*Waning Moon*.

- 1446 A star has fallen upon the earth,
Like an angelic spirit pent
In a form of mortal birth,
—*Prol. Hell*, 196.

- 1447 the dew
Lay on its spotted leaves like tears too true
—*Zucca*, VI.

- 1448 Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear. —*To Jane*, *Invitation*, 19.

NATURAL PHENOMENA TO ANIMALS—ART PRODUCTS TO
ANIMALS, AND VICE VERSA.

- 1449 Higher and higher still
Their [*sc. waves*] fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's
scourge,
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.
—*Alast.* 323.

- 1450 The glaciers creep
Like snakes that watch their prey, from their far fountains
Slow, rolling on :
—*Mont Blanc*.

- 1451 That land is like an eagle, whose young gaze
Feeds on the noon-tide beam, whose golden plume
Floats moveless on the storm, and in the blaze
Of sun-rise gleams when Earth is wrapt in gloom :
—*L. & C.* XI. xxiii.

- 1452 And he tamed fire which like some beast of prey
Most terrible but lovely, played beneath
The frown of man.
—*Prom.* II. iv. 66.

- 1453 heaven's utmost deep
Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
They pass before his eyes, are numbered, and roll on.
—*Prom.* IV. 418.

- 1454 And none ever trembled and panted with bliss,
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like the doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.
—*Sens. P.* I. 9.

- 1455 All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.
—*Sens. P.* III. 51.
- 1456 And at its outlet flags
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.
—*Sens. P.* III. 72.
- 1457 And a northern whirlwind, wandering about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
—*Sens. P.* III. 110.
- 1458 Who crowd [*sc.* tigers] side by side, and have driven, like a crank,
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank
—*Vision of Sea*, 43.
- 1459 Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow
Her clarion
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air) —*West Wind*, I.
- 1460 With wings folded I rest on my airy nest
As still as a brooding dove.
—*Cloud*, 43.
- 1461 And I laugh to see them [*sc.* stars] whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees.
—*Cloud*, 53.
- 1462 Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire,
—*Skytark*, 6.
- 1463 Like a star of heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen,
—*Skytark*, 18.
- 1464 How glorious it will be to see her Majesty
her petticoats
Streaming like
or a war steed's mane.
—*Ed. Tyr.* II. i. 95.
- 1465 Streaming like
or a cow's tail. —*Ed. Tyr.* II. i. 95.
- 1466 And palisades of tusks, sharp as a bayonet.
—*Ed. Tyr.* II. i. 144.
- 1467 Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
Is a far Eden in the purple East ;
—*Epips.* 416.
- 1468 The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.
—*Hell*, 1062.
- 1469 When the exulting elements in scorn
lay
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey
As panthers sleep ;
—*Letter to M. G.* 40.
- 1470 Couched on the fountain like a panther tame,
One of the twain at Evan's feet that sat,
In joyous expectation lay the boat.
—*Witch*, XXXIV.

- 1482 We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon ;
How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly ! yet soon—
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever. —*Mutability*, 5.
- 1483 Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood or modulation like the last. —*Mutability*, 5.
- 1484 When all that we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery —*There is no work*, 17.
- 1485 For the very spirit fails,
Driven like a homeless cloud from steep to steep
That vanishes among the viewless gales. —*Mont Blanc*, 57.
- 1486 The race
Of man flies far in dread ; his work and dwelling
Vanish, like smoke before the tempest's stream,
And their place is not known. —*Mont Blanc*, 117.
- 1487 The vast clouds fled,
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed. —*L. & C. I. iv.*
- 1488 The pallid semicircle of the moon
Past on in slow and moving majesty ;
Its upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon
But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.
—*L. & C. I. v.*
- 1489 Even like a bark, which from a chasm of mountains,
Dark, vast, and overhanging, on a river
Which there collects the strength of all its fountains,
Comes forth, whilst with the speed its frame doth quiver,
Sails, oars, and stream, tending to one endeavour ;
So from that chasm of light a winged Form
On all the winds of heaven approaching ever
Floated, dilating as it came : the storm
Pursued it with fierce blasts, and lightnings swift and warm.
—*L. & C. I. vii.*
- 1490 Then soar—as swift as smoke from volcano springs.
—*L. & C. I. xiii.*
- 1491 I looked, and we were sailing pleasantly,
Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky, —*L. & C. I. xlvii.*
- 1492 Even as a storm let down beneath the ray
Of the still moon, my spirit onward past,
Beneath truth's steady beams upon its tumult cast.
—*L. & C. II. xii.*
- 1493 In sudden panic those false murderers fled,
Like insect tribes before the northern gale : —*L. & C. V. viii.*
- 1494 And all the shapes of this grand scenery shifted
Like restless clouds before the steadfast sun
—*L. & C. V. xviii.*

- 1495 The chains of earth like mist melted away,
—*L. & C. V. xxxvii.*
- 1496 Sudden, as when the moonrise makes appear
Strange clouds in the east ;
—*L. & C. V. xl.*
- 1497 The third Image was drest
In white wings swift as clouds in winter skies, —*L. & C. V. l.*
- 1498 [*sc. wisdom*] swift and strong
As new-fledged Eagles, beautiful and young,
That float among the blinding beams of morning.
—*L. & C. V. li. 1.*
- 1499 The Fiend-God, when our charmed name he hear,
Shall fade like shadow from his thousand fanes,
—*L. & C. V. li. 6.*
- 1500 the while,
Far overhead, ships from Propontis keep
A killing rain of fire ; when the waves smile
As sudden earthquakes light many a volcanic isle ;
Thus sudden, —*L. & C. VI. vii.*
- 1501 and ever
Our myriads, whom the swift bolt overthrew,
Or the red sword, failed like a mountain river
Which rushes forth in foam to sink in sands forever.
—*L. & C. VI. xiv.*
- 1502 We spake no word,
But like the vapour of the tempest fled
Over the plain ; her dark hair was dispread
Like the pine's locks upon the lingering blast ;
—*L. & C. VI. xxi.*
- 1503 did seize a Tartar's sword, and spring
Upon his horse, and swift as on the whirlwind's wing
Have thou and I been borne beyond pursuer,
—*L. & C. VI. xxvf.*
- 1504 while tears pursued
Each other down her fair and listening cheek
Fast as the thoughts which fed them, —*L. & C. VII. ii.*
- 1505 Swift as an eagle stooping from the plain
Of morning light, into some shadowy wood,
He plunged through the green silence of the main
—*L. & C. VII. x.*
- 1506 And I became at last even as a shade,
1507 A smoke, a cloud on which the winds have preyed,
1508 Till it be thin as air ; —*L. & C. VII. xxvi.*
- 1509 Opinion is more frail
Than yon dim cloud now fading on the moon
Even while we gaze, tho' it awhile avail
To hide the orb of truth— —*L. & C. VIII. ix.*
- 1510 High temples fade like vapour— —*L. & C. VIII. xvi.*

- 1529 Thou un replenished lamp, whose narrow fire
Is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge
Devouring darkness hovers. Thou small flame,
Which as a dying pulse rises and falls,
Still flickerest up and down, how very soon
Did not I feed thee, wouldst thou fail and be
1530 As thou hadst never been. So wastes and sinks
Even now, perhaps, the life that kind' no,
But that no power can fill with vital o
That broken lamp of flesh. —*Cenci*, III. ii. 8.
- 1531 Both they and thou had vanished, like thin mist
Unrolled on the morning wind. —*Prom.* I. 116.
- 1532 And the triumphant storm did flee
Like a conqueror swift and proud,
Between, with many a captive cloud, —*Prom.* I. 710.
- 1533 It [*sc.* a Dream] has borne me here as fleet
As Desire's lightning feet. —*Prom.* I. 733.
- 1534 As over wide dominions
I sped, like some swift cloud that wings the wide air's
wildernesses, —*Prom.* I. 763.
- 1535 As suddenly
Thou [*sc.* Spring] comest as the memory of a dream,
—*Prom.* II. i. 7.
- 1536 Echoes, we : listen !
We cannot stay :
As dew-stars glisten
Then fade away —*Prom.* II. i. 166.
- 1537 That their flight must be swifter than fire —*Prom.* II. iv. 4.
- 1538 like sister-antelopes
By one fair dam, snow-white and swift as wind,
Nursed among lilies near a brimming stream
—*Prom.* III. iii. 97.
- 1539 Haste, oh, haste,
As shades are chased,
Trembling by day, from heaven's blue waste.
We melt away,
1540 Like dissolving spray. —*Prom.* IV. 21.
- 1541 And your wings are soft and swift as Thought,
—*Prom.* IV. 91.
- 1542 Death, Chaos, and Night
From the sound of our flight,
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might. —*Prom.* IV. 144.
- 1543 Vast beams like spokes of some invisible wheel
Which whirl as the orb whirls, swifter than thought,
—*Prom.* IV. 274.
- 1544 or some God
Whose home was in a comet, passed, and cried,
Be not ! And like my words they were no more.
—*Prom.* IV. 316.

- Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight
Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
1545 And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own wind
—*Prom. IV. 322.*
- 1546 The Earth.
I hear : I am as a drop of dew that dies. —*Prom. IV. 323.*
- 1547 Then the weeds . . .
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost. —*Sens. Plant, III. 98.*
- 1548 sweet spirit, which I day by day,
Have so long called my child, but which now fades away
Like a rainbow, and I the fallen shower ? —*Vision of Sea, 88.*
- 1549 Their unremaining gods and they
Like a river roll away. —*Ode to Heaven, 25.*
- 1550 Till from its station in the heaven of fame
The spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flame
Which paves the void was from behind it flung
As foam from a ship's swiftness. —*Ode to Lib. I.*
- 1551 Thou huntress swifter than the moon
—*Ode to Lib. X.*
- 1552 When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation
Like shadows : —*Ode to Lib. XI.*
- 1553 As summer clouds dissolve unburthened of their rain ;
1554 As a far taper fades with fading night,
1555 As a brief insect dies with dying day,
My song, its pinions disarrayed of night,
Drooped. —*Ode to Lib. XIX.*
- 1556 Homeless she passed, like a cloud on the blast,
—*Ed. Tyr. I. 246.*
- 1557 my loyal pigs,
Now let your noses be as keen as beagles,
Your steps as swift as greyhounds. —*Ed. Tyr. II. ii. 120.*
- 1558 As with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which has outwept its rain
—*Adon. X.*
- 1559 Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning —*Adon. XX.*
- 1560 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.
—*Adon. XXII.*
- 1561 And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips
The splendour-winged chariot of the sun,
eclipse
The armies of the golden stars, each one, —*Canc. Adon. 34.*

- 1562 Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
 From creation to decay,
 Like the bubbles on a river
 Sparkling, bursting, borne away. —*Hell*. 197.
- 1563 Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
 From one whose dreams are Paradise
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
 And day peers forth with her blank eyes ;
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,
 The powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem. —*Hell*. 225.
- 1564 Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,
1565 Over the hills of Anatolia,
Swift in wild troops the Tartar chivalry
Sweep :— —*Hell*. 328.
- 1566 And thaw their frost-work diadems like dew ; —*Hell*. 416.
- 1567 The fleet which like a flock of clouds
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner. —*Hell*. 460.
- 1568 And like loveliness panting with wild desire
 While it trembles with fear and delight ;
Hesperus flies from awakening night, —*Hell*. 1036.
- 1569 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream— —*Hell*. 1064.
- 1570 Though his life, day after day,
Was failing like an unrepentless stream, —*Prince Ath*. I. 58.
- 1571 The youth, as shadows on the grassy hill
Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outran
His teacher, —*Prince Ath*. II. 13.
- 1572 How many a spirit then puts on the pinions
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,
And his own steps, and over wide dominions
Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,
More fleet than storms— —*Prince Ath*. III. 16.
- 1573 The Horse of Death tameless as wind
Fled, —*Mask*, XXXIII.
- 1574 tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery ; —*Mask*, LII.
- 1575 and everything beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade : —*Witch*, XII.
- 1576 The boundless ocean like a drop of dew
Will be consumed—the stubborn centre must
1577 Be scattered like a cloud of summer dust
—*Witch*, XXIII.
- 1578 And ever down the prone vale like a cloud
Upon a stream of wind, the pinnacle went : —*Witch*, XLI.

- 1593 The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail like the trances of the summer air, —*Sunset*, 5.
- 1594 My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day :
—*Fragm.* Vol. 3, p. 406.
- 1595 Till this dreadful transport may
Like a vapour fade away —*Misery*, X.
- 1596 Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
1597 And frowns and fears from thee
1598 Would not more swiftly flee
Then Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds,
—*Ode to Naples*, 170.
- 1599 And swifter thy step than the earthquake's tramp :
—*Liberty*, III.
- 1600 And ever changing like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy ? —*To the Moon*, 5.
- 1601 Ah, fleetier far than fleetest storm or steed,
1602 Or the death they bear,
1603 The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
With the wings of care ; —*From Arabic*, II.
- 1604 In whom love ever made
Health like a heap of embers soon to fade. —*To Emilia*, II.
- 1605 I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee, —*Song*, VIII.
- 1606 Swifter far than summer's flight,
1607 Swifter far than youth's delight,
1608 Swifter far than happy night,
Art thou come and gone. —*Remembrance*, I.
- 1609 Of that before whose breath the universe
Is as a print of dew. —*Prod. Hell*, 5.
- 1610 A star has fallen upon the earth
Swifter than the thunder fell
To the heart of earth, —*Fragm. Hell*, III.
- 1611 The tempest of the . . . [incomplete]
. . . doth come,
Swift as fire, —*Serchio*, 96.
- 1612 Marks your creation rise as fast, as fair
As perfect worlds at the Creator's will. —*To Byron*.
- 1613 I grow
Frail as a cloud whose (splendours) pale
Under the evening's ever-changing glow :
1614 I die like mist upon the gale,
1615 And like a wave under the calm I fail.
—*Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 119.
- 1616 Even whilst like a forgotten moon thou waneest ?
—*Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 121.

- 1617 That moment is gone forever,
Like lightning that flashed and died,
1618 Like a snowflake upon the river,
Like a sunbeam upon the tide
1619 Which the dark shadows hide. —*Lines*, Vol. 4, p. 148.
- 1620 Man's brief and frail authority
Is powerless as the wind
That passeth idly by. —*Q. M.* III. 220.
- 1621 Ahasuerus fled
Fast as the shapes of mingled shade and mist,
That lurk in glens of a twilight grove,
Flee from the morning beam —*Q. M.* VII. 268.

SIMILES OF LOVE.

- 1622 O Love! who to the hearts of wandering men
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves. —*L. & C.* VIII. xi.
- 1623 That love, which none may bind, be free to fill
The world, like light; —*L. & C.* VIII. xvi.
- 1624 Virtue, and Hope, and Love, like light and Heaven,
Surround the world. — —*L. & C.* IX. xxiii.
- 1625 and a light
Of liquid tenderness like love, did rise
From her whole frame, an atmosphere which quite
Arrayed her in its beams, tremulous and soft and bright
—*L. & C.* XI. v.
- 1626 The faintest stars are scarcely shorn
Of their thin beams by that delusive morn
Which sinks again in darkness, like the light
Of early love, soon lost in total night
- 1627 Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour or the soul of all
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
—*Eug. Hills*, 315.
- 1628 And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood: —*Eug. Hills*, 366.
- 1629 the overpowering light
Of that immortal shape was shadowed o'er
By love; which, from his soft and flowing limbs,
And passion-parted lips and keen, faint eyes,
Steamed forth like vaporious fire; an atmosphere
Which wrapt me in its all-dissolving power,
1630 As the warm æther of the morning sun
Wraps ere it drinks some cloud of wandering dew.
—*Prom.* II. i. 71.

- 1631 In the depth of the deep
Down, down.
Like the spark nurst in embers,
The last look Love remembers,
A spell is treasured. —*Prom.* II. iii. 82.
- 1632 love like the atmosphere
Of the sun's fire filling the living world,
Burst from thee, and illumined, —*Prom.* II. v. 26.
- 1633 Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.
1634 Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air,
It makes the reptile equal to the God : —*Prom.* II. v. 40.
- 1635 With love which is as fire, —*Prom.* III. iii. 151.
- 1636 the impalpable thin air
And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,
As if the sense of love dissolved in them
Had folded itself around the sphered world. —*Prom.* III. iv. 100.
- 1637 And from beneath, around, within, above,
Filling thy void annihilation, love
Burst in like light on caves cloven by the thunder-ball. —*Prom.* IV. 353.
- 1638 And like a storm bursting its cloudy prison
With thunder, and with whirlwind, has arisen
Out of the lampless caves of unimagined being : —*Prom.* IV. 376.
- 1639 Which [*sc.* love] over all his kind, as the sun's heaven
Gliding o'er ocean, smooth, serene, and even
Darting from starry depths radiance and life, doth move. —*Prom.* IV. 385.
- 1640 Man, oh, not men ! a chain of linked thought,
Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements with adamant stress
As the sun rules, even with a tyrant's gaze
The unquiet republic of the maze
Of planets, struggling fierce towards heaven's free wilderness. —*Prom.* IV. 394.
- 1641 *The Moon.* As in the soft and sweet eclipse
When soul meets soul on lovers' lips,
High hearts are calm, and brightest eyes are dull ;
So, when thy shadow falls on me,
Then am I mute and still, by thee
Covered : of thy love, Orb most beautiful,
Full, oh, too full. —*Prom.* IV. 450.
- 1642 Like the polar Paradise,
1643 Magnet-like of lovers' eyes : —*Prom.* IV. 465.
- 1644 And the spring arose in that garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love, felt everywhere ; —*Sens.* P. I. 5.

- 1645 For each one was interpenetrated
 With the light and odour its neighbour shed,
 Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
 Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.
 —*Sens. P. I. 56.*
- 1646 Whether that lady's gentle mind,
 No longer with the form combined
 Which scattered love, as stars do light, —*Sens. P. Concl. 5.*
- 1647 the heaped waves behold
 The deep calm of blue heaven dilating above,
 And, like passions made still by the presence of love,
 Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide
 Tremulous with soft influence ; —*Vision of Sea, 128.*
- 1648 Love is like understanding, that grows bright,
 Gazing on many truths ; 'tis like thy light,
 Imagination, which from earth and sky —*Epips. 161.*
- 1649 With flowers as soft as thoughts of budding love ; —*Epips. 328.*
- but true love never yet
 Was thus constrained ; it overleaps all fence
- 1650 Like lightning, with invisible violence
- 1651 Piercing its continents ; like Heaven's free breath,
- 1652 Which he who grasps can hold not ; liker Death
 Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
 Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array
 Of arms : —*Epips. 397.*
- 1653 One passion in twin hearts, which grows and grew
 Till like two meteors of expanding flame,
 Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
 Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still
 Burning, yet ever unconsumable :
 In one another's substance finding food,
- 1654 Like flames too pure and light and unimbu'd
 To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
 Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away : —*Epips. 575.*
- 1655 Free love has this different from gold and clay,
 That to divide is not to take away
 Like ocean which the general north wind breaks
 Into ten thousand waves, and each one makes
- 1656 A mirror of the moon—like some great glass
 Which did distort whatever form might pass,
 Dashed into fragments by a playful child,
 Which then reflects its eyes and forehead mild ;
 Giving for one which it could not express,
 A thousand images of loveliness. —*Canc. Epips. 17.*
- 1657 Untamable and fleet and fierce as fire, —*Canc. Epips. 147.*
- 1658 thou ever soarest
 Among the towers of men, and as soft air
 In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
 Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
 Thou floatest among men —*Prince Ath. II. iv. 1*

- 1670 Such are the thoughts which, like the fires that flare
In storm-encompassed isles, we cherish yet
In this dark ruin. —*L. & C.* VII. xxxvii.
- 1671 What is this undistinguishable mist
Of thoughts, which rise, like shadow after shadow,
Darkening each other? —*Cenci*, III. i. 170.
- 1672 Obscurely through my brain, like shadows dim,
Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick. —*Prom.* I. 146.
- 1673 the thought
Which pierces this dim universe like light. —*Prom.* II. iv. 40.
- 1674 Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth —*West Wind*, V.
- 1675 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.
—*Adon.* XXXI.
- 1676 Earth and ocean,
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,
With all its cressets of immortal fire,
Whose outwall, bastioned impregably
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds. —*Hell.* 769.
- 1677 Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,
1678 Were driven within him, by some secret power,
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,
Like lights and sounds from haunted tower to tower,
O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war
Is levied by the night-contending winds.
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear
—*Prince Ath.* I. 66.
- 1679 As flowers beneath May's footsteps waken,
1680 As stars from Night's loose hair are shaken,
1681 As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall. —*Mask*, XXXI.
- 1682 How beautiful they were, how firm they stood
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl. —*Fragm. Thoughts*.
- 1683 Thy deep eyes, a double Planet
Gaze the wisest into madness
With soft clear fire,—the winds that fan it
Are those thoughts of tender gladness
Which, like zephyrs on the billow
Make thy gentle soul thy pillow—
—*Sophia*, II.
- Ye gentle visitations of calm thought—
1684 Moods like the memories of happier earth,
Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth,
1685 Like stars in clouds by the weak winds enwrapped,
But that the clouds depart and stars remain,
While they remain, and ye, alas, depart.
—*Fragm.* Vol. 4, p. 17.

- 1700 And o'er its gentle countenance did play
The busy dreams as thick as summer flies. — *Witch*, XL.
- 1701 And as the day grew hot, methought I saw
A glassy vapour dancing on the pool,
And on it little quaint and filmy shapes.
With dizzy motion, wheel and rise and fall,
Like clouds of gnats with perfect lineaments
— *Unfin. Drama*, 234.
- 1702 and the crowd divided
Like waves before an admiral's prow. — *Chas. I. I.* 133.
- 1703 . . . and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam. — *Triumph*, 44.
- 1704 He made one of the multitude, and so
Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier ; — *Triumph*, 49.
- 1705 And as I gazed, methought that in the way
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,
— *Triumph*, 74.
- 1706 And saw like clouds upon the thunder blast
The million with fierce song and maniac dance
Raging around— — *Triumph*, 109.
- 1707 But all like bubbles on an eddying flood
Fell into the same track at last, and were
Borne onward— — *Triumph*, 458.
- 1708 } Or like small gnats or flies, as thick as mist
1709 }
1710 } On evening marshes, — *Triumph*, 508.
- 1711 each one
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown
In autumn evening from a poplar tree. — *Triumph*, 528.
- 1712 The thronging thousands, to a passing view
Seemed like an ant-hill's citizens. — *Q. M. II.* 101.

LIFE.

I was born in Toronto, Canada, on March 17, 1871. I received my early education at Upper Canada College, and matriculated at the University of Toronto in 1887, where, with the intermission of a year, I remained until the spring of 1892. In that year I graduated with the Governor-General's medal in Modern Languages. For the three following years I taught Modern Languages at Upper Canada College, at the same time working under the general direction of Dr. Bright. In the autumn of 1895 I entered the Johns Hopkins University, where I followed courses in English, German and French. In January, 1896, I was appointed Scholar in the Department of English, and Fellow in June of the same year. I have studied under Dr. Bright, Dr. Brown, Dr. Wood, Dr. Menger and Dr. de Hahn, to all of whom I desire to express my gratitude.

To Dr. Bright, especially, I wish to convey my warm appreciation of the benefit I have received from his stimulating and sympathetic direction of my work.

PELHAM EDGAR.